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# TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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## Poetry.

### SWEET, SHY GIRL.

JOHN JAMES PIATT.

O, sweet, shy girl, with roses in her heart,
And love light in her face, like those upgrown,
Full of still dreams and thoughts that, dream-like, start
From fits of solitude when not alone!

Gay dancer over the thresholds of bright days
Tears quick to her eyes as laughing to her lips;
A game of hide and seek with Time she plays,
Time hiding his eyes from hers in bright eclipse.

O, gentle souled!—how dear and good she is,
Blessed by soft dews of happiness and love,
Cradled in tenderest arms! Her mother's kiss
Seals all her good-night prayers. Her father's smile
Brightens her mornings. Through the earth shall move,
Her child sweet soul, not far from heaven the while!

### THE DESTINY OF MAN.

BY DR. ADDISON ALEXANDER.

There is a time we know not when,
A point we know not where,
That marks the destiny of man
To glory or despair.
There is a line by us unseen,
That crosses every path;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and His wrath.

To pass that limit is to die,
To die as if by stealth;
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Or pale the glow of health.
The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirits light and gay,
That which is pleasing still may please
And care be thrust away.

But on that forehead God has set
Indelibly a mark,
Unseen by man, for man, as yet,
Is blind and in the dark.
Oh, where is this mysterious bourne
By which our path is crossed;
Beyond which God himself hath sworn
That he who goes is lost?

How far may we go on in sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end, and where begin
The confines of despair?
An answer from the skies is sent—
Ye that from God depart;
While it is called to-day repent,
And harden not your heart.

## Our Story Teller.

### 'ZEKEL AN' ME.

BY ELLA GUERNSEY.

Take the big rockin' cheer, mo'm, an' set by the east winder, where you can see the water in the brook sparklin', and the red birds flashin' in an' out the big ceders an' white layiocks. I'm proper glad that you like our place, though 'tis so old fashioned. 'Zekel wasn't overly anxious for me to take boarders this summer, as last year I did hev a tryin' time between the whims an' notions of a finicky widder an' a timorsome maiden. They were allus warrin' and spattin' with each other in a way that warn't good to see. Nothin' pleased 'em; the house was too small, my cookin' old fashioned, an' they scorned my posies, continoually askin' me why I didn't hev begonias, geraniums an' carnations, ensted o' clove pinks, marigools, layiocks an' flowery almon's. You see mo'm, I fretted an' worked until my system was all run down, an' in October I was taken with a slow, lingerin' fever, costin' me more'n thribble the money I'd made, payin' out fer medicine an' doctor bills.

"But it's an ill wind that blows nobody good, an' jest when my skies were darkest the Lord sent 'Zekel to me, an' all bitterness an' hardness between us was healed. Now, mo'm, I'm powerful glad I'm overthinkin', but 'Zekel an' me aren't the husband an' wife of long standin', though in our early youth we were promised to each other. We're skorcely over our honeymoon, or I should say the time 'lotted fer it to last. 'Zekel and me, after long years livin' apart, hev determined that no vinegar moons shall rise, full an' wane, in our future.

"I'm all o' 50, an' 'Zekel 57, an' at 20 I tasted the full bitterness o' bein' jilted, an', as I thought, without just cause upon my part. Troubles don't come singly, an' it seemed to me for the next few years they trooped around me until I felt that life warn't worth livin', an' God had forgotten me, but I've lived to know 'twas me that had forgotten Him.

"At 30 I found myself alone in the world—father, mother, brothers an' a sister all lay in the churchyard you can see across the way. But I had faith in myself, an' my ambition was to make it the envy of my neighbors an' to show 'em that 'Zekel hadn't quite crushed me when he deserted me for Annie Bonn. Father was the last one to go. For over a year he sat helpless, jest where I placed his cheer, allus lookin' happy, though I could see that he longed to be free from his bondage. One consolation was left him, he could talk, and his faculties seemed to be clearer an' sharper than when he was strong an' active man.

"He never mentioned 'Zekel's name to me but once after the weddin', an' that was the week before he went to the better country. A neighbor came over to buy a bushel of my choice seed potatoes for plantin', an' told us of the trouble 'Zekel's folks were hevin' with sickness and poverty. When we were alone, father looked pleadin'ly at me and said, softly:

"'If we—forgive—not—how—shall—we—hope to—be—forgiven?'

"I knew that I was cherishin' wicked feelin's in my heart, but seemed to me 'Zekel an' Annie didn't deserve sympathy or pardon from me. You see, mo'm, Annie Bonn was my dearest friend. I'd allus shared my secrets with her, girl fashion, never dreamin' she was then plannin' treachery an' waste to be the means o' my losin' faith in every human bein', even feelin' bitter toward my Creator. I can't tell in words how dearly I loved Annie an' trusted in her. She was the daughter of a pauper furiner, who lived in a delapidated cabin upon the edge of our farm. Father pitied old Bonn, an' tried to help him. Annie was handy at bunnet trimmin' and dressmakin, and everybody liked to hev her around.

"'Zekel Harker, my lover, was the pride of his family, an' he bein' the only son was humored by his dotin' folks more'n was good for him. Old Mr. and Mis' Harker an' the girls wouldn't hear to him doin' farm work, for as he warn't overly fond of plowin' an' diggin', it came about the girls took the heft of the outdoor work, an' scrimped an' slaved to git money to send 'Zekel to the 'cademy in Pilbury. The Harker girls wore coarse homespun the year round, savin' enough money to dress 'Zekel in stylish clothes, which did become him—he was a handsome young feller. 'Twas only nat'ral that I'd be proud of him when I compared him an' his easy manners with the awkward farmers boys.

"'Zekel's oldest sister, 'Tildy Ann, made no secret of her rejoicin' that we were promised, callin' me sister at the sings, built the air castles a pair an' all the while courted him, 'cept Annie Bonn, who allus acted as if she hadn't a second thought for him. Everybody s'posed we'd be married by the time I was my own mistress, but some way 'Zekel didn't get on in business. At 27 he was still unsettled as to his future occupation. After studyin' for a few months law, medicine an' for the ministry he changed his mind, an' imagined he could invent some wonderful machine which would bring him a fortune, an' 'Tildy Ann said she shouldn't wonder if he did, that 'Zekel was smart enough to do anything he was a mind to. Father once quoted to me: 'Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.' I knew what he meant, an' spoke out for 'Zekel, sayin' his intellect was of a higher grade than the clods around us. Only give him time an' he would excel.

"About this time 'Tildy Ann an' Mandy Harker died with the pneumony fever, brought on by bein' caught in a drenchin' rain, on their way to the woolen mill, where they'd been to sell their wool. Mandy's last words were, 'You'll—find—the—money—'Zekel—wanted—in—my—chest.' He explained to me that he was on the eve of succeedin' with his invention, an' needed a little money to finish it, an' Mandy had undertaken to get it for him.

"I had my feelings hurt more'n once durin' the next few weeks, havin' 'Zekel called selfish an' a never-do-well. 'Zekel heerd their talk, too, an' one old farmer advised him to quit dreamin' an' put his hand to the plow, or his other sisters would foller 'Tilly Ann an' Mandy. 'Zekel said nobody 'ceptin' me understood his aims an' hopes, an' then I spoke out, tellin' him I'd allus stand by him, no matter what happened. I'd never forget we were promised, an' this seemed to cheer him up wonderfully.

"His folks began to be anxious for us to settle in home of our own.

"'Our farms joined, an' Mr. Harker said we could count on forty acres apiece of good mellow land, an' 'twouldn't take long to put us up a hewed log house, good enough for anybody's home. I was willin' to this arrangement, but 'Zekel wanted to start in better style, an' pictured a city life so nice that I came to think as he did; yet I never stopped spinnin' an' weavin' articles for my weddin' outfit.

"'In those days I was happy. Annie helped me with my weddin' preparations, an' every day 'Zekel came to look on. One June afternoon Annie an' me were in our orchard sprinklin' linen that was bleachin' on the grass. I felt so light hearted, the world seemed so full of joy and the birds sang so sweetly.

"'Oh, Annie, why don't a lover come a wooin' you? It is so sweet to be loved, an' you are so much prettier than me, it's so strange that a lover doesn't find you out,' said I, not hearin' 'Zekel's step, an' entirely unaware of his presence until Annie's blushes caused me to turn about to find my lover listenin' to my silly words.

"'To hide my blushes I ran down the hill into the garden, an' gathered a handful of damask an' cinnamon roses, then hurried back, in my vanity thinkin' 'Zekel would count the time long until I was with him. As I walked slowly up the hill I saw in Annie's blue eyes a new light. 'Twas the expression of one who has gained her heart's desire. Though all of 30 she looked so girlish in her white dress, the yellow braids of her hair shone like gold, an' every movement she made was graceful. I felt keenly the contrast between us. I took little pains with my own attire, thinkin' more of my work. I was homely, an' I knew it. 'Zekel saw the contrast, an' I think then an' there yielded to Annie's fascination, as he never came to our house after that, an' in one week, without a word of warnin', I heard 'Zekel an' Annie were married.

"'The Harkers came to see me, an' in my bitterness I rejoiced when I saw that 'Zekel was not forgiven by them. 'Neither he nor his furrin, painted wife shall enter our door. She, the Jezebel, has caused him to act the villain, now let her bear with his weakness,' were his father's words.

"'A few weeks after the weddin', after the Sunday service, 'Zekel an' Annie attempted to make friends with me, but I scorned to touch their outstretched hands. After that I grew cynical, rejoicing as the years rolled on that 'Zekel's home was a cheerless one, an' that Annie's prettiness was gone. One by one the Harker girls married, movin' westward with their husban's. The mother went to sleep one afternoon, an' waked in another world, the mortgage on the homestead was foreclosed, an' I brought home father Harker, givin' him my own father's vacant place beside the old hearthstone.

"'The past fifteen years had not used 'Zekel an' Annie kindly, an' folks said 'twas a punishment sent on Annie an' him for their treachery. 'The poor creature had no chance to pervide for her brother's convalence housekeepin' with, an' good looks doesn't butter bread or put a roof over one's head. Their home was a cabin in a swamp; 'Zekel was a poor manager, an' Annie was sickly, an' their children ran wild for lack of proper care an' attention.

"'One mornin' after Mr. Harker had been with me a fortnight he come in the kitchen after an hour's weedin' in the garden, sayin': 'Penelopy! I've seen 'Zekel, an' he's goin' to leave the state.'

"'I kept on toasting' bread, unconcerned outwardly, though inwardly burnin' with the old anger an' pain.

"'He doesn't know jest where he's goin', but says he must go somewhere. 'Zekel's repentin' bitterly of his mistake. Annie's lost all the ambition she ever had; she hadn't the endurin' qualities which makes women a stay an' comfort to their husban's, an' 'Zekel found that their wrong doin' hasn't brought 'em trust in each other. He couldn't go without my blessin' an' pardon, which are his. I can't forget that he is my son, Penelopy.'

"'Breakfast's ready,' says I, settin' on the table a heapin' dish of toast an' eggs, never heedin' the plentiful look in Farther Harker's eyes, askin' me to forgive 'Zekel.

"'But I hardened my heart, an' carried my head higher, thinkin' the Lord that I warn't such an incapable, whinin' creetur as Annie. Father Harker said no more about 'Zekel, an' we spent a pleasant five years together, an' I was loath to give him up when Harrison Wells, who had married a real forehanded man, came after him to take him to her Nebrasky home. Then I adopted a pauper boy, who proved to be a real blessin', helpin' and comfortin' me in every way.

"'I lived on in the old house, few people sought my company, or paid me the attention so dear to a woman's heart of most wimmen. In lookin' back, I can see that folks let me alone because I was so stern and unlovable. My one desire was revenge, an' to humble 'Zekel to the very dust, though often my father's works would run in my head, causin' me to tremble lest I shut myself out of heaven. 'If ye forgive not, how can ye expect to be forgiven?' Folks called me a Christian because I gave to every good cause so liberally an' never missed goin' to meetin' but I knew that my heart wasn't right, an' dared not pray the Lord's Prayer any farther than the words, 'forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors,' lest I bring upon my own head a curse, instid of a blessin'.

"'John, my adopted son, grew up, married an' left Pilbury. Again I was alone, an' made up my mind I'd allers live so, arguin' with a neighbor there was no use fyin' to keep company with me, an' the partin' with 'em allers saddened me, an' the next five years I had no company 'cept Bose and the cat, toilin' early an' late layin' up stores of fruit, grain an' goods that I didn't need, an' takin' summer boarders jest for company, when one October mornin' found me not able to leave my bed; completely worn out, an' no one to hand me a drink of water, though the neighbors were kind, after they found out my needed.

"'Durin' my seventh week of sufferin' I was lyin' helpless an' cryin'; the future seemed so dark to me, when somebody rapped at my door.

"'Come in,' says I, thinkin' 'twas Mis' Whipple with a cup of soup, an' 'Zekel, gray an' pale, an' dressed like a tramp, came in.

"'Straight up to my bedside he walked, holdin' out his thin, tremblin' hand, sayin' in a timid way.

"'Penelopy!'

"'Jest then the strangest feelin' came over me, all the bitter, bad past of me was changed into peace an' happiness. Says he: 'Annie's been gone years, my children are all gone, 'cept two, an' I've come a homeless tramp to ask your pardon fer—fer'—but its no use tryin' to tell jest how it came about, in lessn't half an hour 'Zekel an' me were again lovers.

"'Mis' Whipple was so shocked to find, as she thought, a highway robber or an escaped lunatic settin' by me, holdin' my hand, that she let the bowl of soup fall on the stone hearth, an' screamed for Josiah, her husban', who was on his way to town an' had brought her to my gate. Josiah came runnin' in an' recognized 'Zekel, an' had a good laugh at Mis' Whipple's mistake.

"'In a week I was as strong as ever an' busy makin' 'Zekel a new suit of blue jean, as we meant to be married before Thanksgivin'. Folks said that I was a silly thing to take him after he'd jilted me, an' that he'd come back after a home, but we were too long separated to mind gossip.

"'Our bridal tour was a walk over to the Harker place. 'Zekel's tears fell fast as we went over to the old home. 'They're all gone, an' I've no chance to tell 'em of my sorrow over a misspent life, an' now they'll never know,' said he, an' I tryin' to comfort him, whispered, 'Our day they'll know—when the mists are cleared away, an' we shall know as we are known.'

"'I don't think the world holds any happier couple than 'Zekel an' me. I've taken him for better an' worse, his weakness with his better qualities, jest because I have allus loved him. An' Zekel's daughter, a young girl with a look of Annie about her, is comin' to brighten up the old place. Please God, she'll find in me a tender, lovin' mother.

"'I can't say, mo'm, how 'twould hev ended if 'Zekel had come back rich, an' wearin' purple an' fine linen, carryin' his head high as most successful men do, an' he'd found me strong an' well. Wimmen's hearts are strange vessels, beyond the understandin' of the wisest of our sex. I only know that my heart is filled with a love an' content it never knew before.

"'Zekel's callin' me, mo'm, him an' me hev' been lotlin' on takin' the early apples to the Pilbury market, an' here I've spent the mornin' in talk instid o' helpin' gather them spice apples, an' I can't hev him workin' in the brilin' sun without a lunch. 'Zekel's not strong an' needs good care, which ne shall hev, if Penelypy Upson Harker knows her own mind."

### THE TELL-TALE THUMB.

**A Barkeeper Tells How Its Movements were Watched by Himself.**

"Hadn't ought to take on so? Well, Wilk, old fellow, I s'pose I hadn't, but then you see I can't help it. Never had a baby, did ye? No. I thought not. Then you don't know anything about it. Fact is that little chap cottoned up to his old man—that's me—like the ivy does to an old tree. When I'd go home nights to supper I used to take him in my arms and play with him; throw him up to the ceiling and catch him when he came down, but I can't do it any more, Wilk, 'cause he's sick. The doctor says he's got erysipelas. But before he was took down you ought to have heard how he laughed—and he only 3 months old at that. You remember, Wilk, you wondered why I let this chin whisker grow. 'Twas just so that the little cuss could fasten his hands in it and pull; and he could pull, too. I'm telling you, Wilk, hard enough to make the tears come in your eyes. Just wait a minute Wilk, till I give this fellow his bitters, then I'll tell you the rest of the story. What'll it be sir—whisky? Yes, sir. Sugar? Je-rusalem! How the cold wind comes in the door when anybody goes out. Where was I, Wilk? Oh, yes, I was going to tell you about how the doctor came. Two dollars for every visit. The first time he came was last week Wednesday. He felt at the baby's pulse, lifted up one of its upper eyelids and looked underneath it; then he sat down and wrote a lot of Latin names on a piece of blank paper. Most of the letters looked like Z's. It cost me $1.50 to have the mixture put up. But the curious thing he told me about was the baby's thumb. Says he, 'Do you see that baby's thumb, how straight it stands out from the rest of the fingers? When the thumb is in that position it shows that the baby has plenty of strength. When the child gets weaker, the thumb will begin to bend downward and rest against the forefinger. If the baby still gets worse, the thumb will fall across the palm of the hand, and the fingers will close over it.' Says he to me, 'When that time comes, your baby will have a hard time to pull through.' I know what he meant, Wilk. You see, them doctors don't like to tell you right out that the hearse is coming round to your door, but that's what he meant to say, only he let me down easy.

"Well, it was just as the doctor said. I do anything for a week but just watch that little thumb. Even when I was down here slinging gin I fancied I could see it. First it stood up as straight as the end of a poker, then it kind o'weakened like the point and bent over like a broken twig. Every night when I went home to supper I used to take the little fist out from under the quilt in the cradle and look at it. Lord, Wilk, but it was tough, I tell you. My wife, Mollie, was all worn out with watching. She wouldn't let anybody carry the baby but me. Many a night did I carry the little chap in my arms for five hours on a stretch. I could hear the elevated railroad trains go by once in a while. The watch on the mantel ticked as loud, it seemed to me, as a fire bell. The girl up stairs used to come down with her fellow in the hallway, and bid each other good-bye. I could hear their kisses through the door. All the time that little thumb was coming down, down, down until it rested against the forefinger.

"Talk about the walking match, Wilk! Why, them fellows won't begin to walk the number of miles I walked up and down the parlor floor with my baby in my arms. Up and down I tramped, carrying the little shaver, until the light came in the windows in the morning. Do you know, Wilk, that the little cuss would look up at his dad and try to grin? 'Twasn't the kind of grin that used to spread over his face when he was hearty; but just a shadow of a smile, Wilk, just a shadow. Take your handkerchief? No, I've got one o' my own. Getting thirsty? Won't ye have somethin' soothin'? No! Well, take a cigar. Not them 5-centers; take one o' the 10-centers. That's a good cigar, Wilk. Burns a nice white ash. Mix me up a little hot whisky. I feel as if I needed it.

"Well, Wilk, the worst came last night. About 2 o'clock in the morning I noticed that the little thumb had got under the fingers, and that they were locked down over it. You could have knocked me down with a feather, Wilk. I didn't tell Mollie anything about it. She was asleep in the next room. You see there was no use in telling her until she had to know it. But I thought maybe the doctor was mistaken. You know doctors make mistakes as well as other folks. Sometimes I pour out gin when a customer wants brandy, you know. And so I hoped on and didn't tell Mollie when she got up in the morning about the thumb, and, poor girl, she didn't notice it. I thought the change might take place during the day, but when I left the house this morning—'cause business has got to be tended to even if death is knocking on your door—and came down here to sling gin I was mighty down-hearted. All day long I've been expecting a telegram, tellin' me that the baby has gone to the promised land. But it hasn't come yet, Wilk, and I'm thinkin' may be there's hope for the little cuss yet.

"What! Is that you, doctor? How's the baby? I-I-Is he—so? Well, for God's sake, Doc, how is she? He's gettin' better! His thumb is stickin' out as straight from his hand as a thorn on a bush! Ha, ha! Here, Wilk, give me that rag you offered me a little while ago, I guess I need it!"

### TO THOSE ABOUT TO MARRY.

**Not Always is Happiness to be Found Among the Wealthy.**

Minneapolis Tribune.

A friend of mine, who is a married gentleman, said to me the other day: "I would advise any young man to remain single until he is in the possession of a salary of at least $25 a week. It is almost impossible to keep house on less. House rent, fuel and other essentials come high, and a young man who only earns $15 or $20 a week must necessarily run behind. You can live comfortably on $15 a week if he is single, but let him attempt to support a wife, and perhaps a family, on this sum, and he will see where the ends will meet."

My friend is either a spendthrift himself or he has an extravagant wife. If he expects every young man to wait until he receives a salary before he marries he will soon see the population of the world dwindling down to the same number it contained before Adam and Eve began their existance. Married people can live and do live comfortably on $15 a week, and sometimes less. In many instances a man never begins to amount to anything until he is married and has a wife to help him over the sloughs of despondency. It is often the encouragement, frugality and energy of a wife that enables a man to acquire wealth.

The very great majority of the wealthy men of the nation married while they were poor, and I asked, they will say that their riches must be credited as much as to their wives as themselves. If my friend thinks it essential that a married couple should have three or four servants, attend the opera six times a week, ride in carriages, etc., then his advice is good, only a young man should have more than $25 a week. The happiest families are not always the wealthiest, and a young man, if he can get a good wife (and there are plenty of them,) had better get her, even if he is getting less than the stipulated sum of my married economist.

**The Need of Cremation.**

Before many years—speaking after the way of the world—cremation of the dead will be compulsory in the large cities, and after it has been enforced for some time men and women will wonder how it ever happened that burial was so long tolerated by civilized governments. In making excavations recently on some of the islands in the vicinity of New York city, for the purpose of constructing new sewers, those who were digging found some human remains. In one case

## Recent Literature.

NEW BOOKS FOR FEBRUARY.

**Count Tolstoi's Last Works—Napoleon's Russian Campaign—Stories for Children—A Baton for a Heart—Paul and Virginia—Literary Notes.**

One of the most remarkable of the books from the pen of Count Tolstoi, the great Russian writer, is that under the general head of "The Physology of War," entitled "Napoleon and the Russian Campaign," published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. In this work he has in strong language shown that "war is something more than a game on the part of sovereigns and diplomatists, that it lies deeper down in the very nature of things, that it is an expression of popular expansion" and those who are actors in it are merely figure-heads in the hands of destiny. He shows that Napoleon was only the instrument of a mysterious force generated in the heart of Eurone during the revolution period. Count Tolstoi is no admirer of the Man of Destiny, but with ruthless hand lays bare his character as he himself reads it with reference to the years in which Napoleon played so prominent a part, and especially of that particular epoch of which he is writing.

From the same publishers comes "The Lone Exile and Other Stories for Children" also by Count Tolstoi, a book which shows this author in an entirely new light, that of a writer for the little folks, and one too, who cannot fail to amuse and instruct, while at the same time teaching them of the higher life, although no trace of this intention is evident in the construction of the stories. They are vivid and picturesque, and appeal strongly to the peasant children for whom they are written, because of their familiarity with the life which is pictured. This volume is translated from the Russian by Nathan Haskell Dole.

A story with an old theme, fairly told, takes its place in Lothrop & Co.'s (Boston) "Round World Series." It deals with the professional adventures of a very superior young woman doctor, and ends with a door-plate on the handsomest residence in town which bears the name of the well-married M. D. The reader will find it a very pleasant story with which to while away a leisure hour.

"A Baton for a Heart," by "Besval," comes from Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, "Besval" is the pen name of Matilde Marchesi, former correspondent from Paris of the New York *Tribune* and other prominent American newspapers. There is nothing especially striking in the story, but it is not altogether commonplace. It deals with American new conditions—a life transplanted to Paris and led in the salons and and studious of that gay town. The accounts of student and art life in Paris will be found interesting.

From William S. Gottsberger, New York, comes "Paul and Virginia" in attractive shape and most excellent type. It is translated from the French by Clara Bell, and is accompanied by a brief sketch of the life of Bernardin De St. Pierre, the author of the beautiful little classic. All should read it must be the heart that can read this simple story without emotion. As long as the English language endures the history of Paul and Virginia's ill-fated love will maintain its place among the chicest and purest idyls of romantic lore.

"The Story of Antony Grace," by G. Manville Fenns published in paper covers by D. Appleton & Co., New York, is very cleverly constructed and is full of interest from first to last. It is the story of a phenomenally good boy who bears a little resemblance to David Copperfield, and his advances from orphaned and oppressed childhood to successful and honored manhood.

### Literary Notes.

The next issue in the series of American Statesman will be Mr. Roosevelt's volume on Gouverneur Morris.

Dr. Holmes's new Atlantic series will be begun in the March number under the title, "Over the Tea Cups."

Messrs. Ticknor & Co. announce for publication "Harvard Reminiscences," by Andrew P. Peabody, D. D., LL. D.

"Race Divisions and the School Question" is the title of a vigorous article which will appear in the *Cosmopolitan World* for March.

Dr. Francis Hueffer is preparing an English edition of the "Correspondence Between Wagner and Liszt," which appeared recently at Leipsic.

The Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing society of Boston offer prizes of $700 and $300 for the two best MSS for Sunday-school books.

Robert Louis Stevenson's essay in *Scribner's Magazine* for March will picture several unusually eccentric beggars whom it has been the privilege of the author to know.

It is said that the widow of Gen. Grant will contribute a series of reminiscences this year to a New York magazine, in which her second son, U. S. Grant, jr., has become interested.

Mr. Joseph Pennell, the etcher, and his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Robbins Pennell, are soon to publish a joint volume, under the title of "Our Sentimental Journey Through France and Italy."

Dodd, Mead & Co. announce the third edition, being the 32d thousand, of E. P. Roe's "The Earth Trembled." They are printing a cheap edition of 100,000 copies of his "An Original Belle."

The *Curio* for January and February is rich in biography and heraldry. Its book plates, autographs, and old cuts are an interesting study. It is published by R. W. Wright, No. 6 Astor place, New York.

D. C. Heath & Co. will publish March 1 the old English epic poem, "Judith," it will be edited with introduction, translation and glossary, by Professor Albert S. Cook, of the University of California.

"Charles Dickens and the Stage," by T. Edgar Pemberton, which is announced in London, contains chapters on "Dickens as an Actor," "Dickens as a Dramatist," "The Stage in His Novels" and "The Stage in His Letters."

Among the face similes given in "Mendelssohn's Letters to Moscheles," which will appear in the March *Scribner's*, is the first page of the original score of Mendelssohn's overture to the "Isles of Fingal," with a comment written on it by Gounod.

A French version of Mrs. Burnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy," called "Le Petit Lord," by Eudoxie Dupuis, has recently been published in Paris with Mr. Birch's original illustrations. The French law makes no distinction of persons, allowing copyright to a foreign as to a native.

The *Century* company have about ready for publication the poems of the late Irwin Russell—that unhappy Southern genius who died in his early prime a few years ago. Russell wrote mostly in negro dialect, and was considered by Mr. Harris, who has written a generously appreciative preface to the book, to be the most successful of the many who have attempted that form of verse.

The Kalevala, the great National epic poem of the Finlanders, which Max Müller in his lectures on "Science and Language" pronounces to be the equal of the Iliad of Homer, is now for the first time, in complete form, translated into English, the translator being Dr. J. M. Crawford, of Cincinnati. It is shortly to be published in two octavo volumes, the poem being great in magnitude (nearly 23,000 lines) as well as in character.

—Boils, pimples, hives, ringworm, tetter, and all other manifestations of impure blood are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

### The Season for Jackets.

Jackets open, jackets closed, jackets with waistcoats and without, short wraps with sling sleeves, ulsters, Newmarket coats,—well, about anything that has been worn for ten years, appears among the spring outside garments. The only way to be really original is to wear one of them with the wrong side in front. Perhaps some tailor will out a few coats buttoning in the back. Frocks fastened in that way were worn at about the period of which the fashions are now in course of reproduction.—*Boston Transcript.*

**Cure for the Deaf.**

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing and perform the work of the natural Drum. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Illustrated book of testimonials free. Address F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name paper.

## AN IMPERIAL HAREM.

THE TURKISH SULTAN'S SERAGLIO

**Mrs. Lew Wallace Describes It—The Forbidden Rooms Into Which One Man May Only Enter—Beautiful Women and Palatial Splendors—Caprices of the Women—Etiquette of the Harem.**

For the BLADE. Copyrighted, 1888.

Through four hundred years the Turkish house royal has had unbroken lineal male descent without a lateral branch. At Old Seraglio Point thirty successive Sultans held their sumptuous state till about forty years ago, when the chain of palaces bordering the Marmora was burned and the court was removed to Yildiz, on the heights beyond Pera.

Beautiful for situation is Yildiz, Palace of the Star. Built nobly in a park of many hundred acres, it overlooks an amphitheater of stately cities with domes, towers, minarets, castles, islands, seas, fleets, and in the fairness of the distance the Mysian Olympus—a panorama of vivid color and varied movement without a peer on the globe. What St. James Palace is to London is Yildiz to the Turk—the center of interest in Constantinople, the well-guarded, "the enchantress of many lovers."

Barracks have been added till it is in reality a citadel, and there beats the heart and plots the brain of Islam. Within the walled enclosure are kiosks of marble and gold, outbuildings, stables, a military camp and parade-ground, cypress groves, unshorn forests, gardens with every kind of singing bird; a miniature city with the delights of the country as well—a fortress and a sanctuary. The least attempt of an unauthorized person to enter the buildings appropriated to men is punishable by death. It would come as a lightning stroke should any try to approach the forbidden rooms into which one man enters; the uncontrolled, irresponsible master of hundreds of women.

Among them are no family distinctions, no records, no questions of ancestry, hereditary titles, or names. All have started from the same level, each one has been a slave bought by the mother or sisters of the Sultan, educated to her position, and presented to him on the third day of the Feast of Bebram, the Night of Destiny, when the Koran descended in a silver roll from Heaven. Nor are they married to him. The Padisha, being above law, cannot submit to matrimonial bondage. Since Othman, illustrious founder of the Empire bearing his name, girded on the sword, which is the Imperial scepter, but two Ottoman Sultans have married.

Of the mates we call wives only four hold the highest rank. All have been chosen for personal charm, and are in the bloom of youth; by far the larger number are from Circassia, the ancient Colchis, from whose palace-gardens Grecian heroes stole their brides in the dim centuries before the Iliad was written.

Imagination is bewildered by thought of such an array of beauties set in palatial splendors.

They live for one sole purpose—the study of pleasing him who has lifted the silvery feet of

THESE DAUGHTERS OF LOVE

from the mire and rested them on cushions of rose-leaves and eider-down. Instead of grinding toil, they enjoy the sweetness of rest; one cotton gown is exchanged for bright raiment and jewels rare; for black bread and goat's milk, they have suppers for Sybarites, honey of orange flowers, and sherbet of violets and sugar. Each palatial has her kiosk, her court, grand officials, boats lined with satin, gilded carriages, and trained servants shod with slippers of silence, who minister to them in cool, perfumed chambers. Their career depends on their own tact and grace. By these gifts the ragged beggar may succeed to the highest rank, and compel princesses to kiss the hem of her garment.

One will in the harem is supreme as a Providence or a destiny. To this power, before which great and small are but dust, is yielded absolute submission. Says Jandlia (the Exalted), teaching the newly-arrived Laleh (Pink Tulip) and Benefsh (White Violet): "Should the prince at noonday say it is night, declare your feet are wet with dew and that you behold the moon and stars."

In February a new palace was ordered. In June it was completed and furnished, fountains playing, cascades dashing, nightingales nesting among roses in bloom. We know how the Turks furnish. In the summer Palace one room is hung with pale blue silk, another with Broussa satin, tapestries of India and broideries of Persia.

There are no pictures, they encourage profanity, no statues, they lead to idolatry. The Prophet (he rests in glory!) was a hater of idols. In the day of judgment pictures and statues will rise and flock round the artists who produced them, and call on the unhappy makers to supply their creatures with souls.

Humanity is unchangeable; the King of a hundred kings, the Shadow of God upon Earth, must have his preferences, and naturally the reigning favorite makes the most of her brief season of command. Doubtless tears, clamors, poutings, work the same results in Constantinople that they do in Washington, and

THE LUXURIOUS HAREM

may have some dull corner where the discarded favorite may weep neglected while her victorious rival steps by in triumph. The Turks are tender in the extreme to animals and children, and we must believe they are also gentle toward women. Sometimes the caprices of wives have been costly as the Sultan to the Empire. Sultan Ibrahim allowed his to take what they pleased from shops and bazaars without payment. One hour complained; she did not like shopping by daylight; and at once the sovereign issued an order requiring merchants to keep their shops open all night, and to have enough torches burning to exhibit goods to advantage.

Another, whose name means Little Bit of Sugar, whispered to Ibrahim that she wanted to see him with his beard fringed with gems. The Lord of lords was adorned accordingly, and made a spectacle of himself thus tricked out. Enormous treasures were lavished on a chariot, and, as in the days of Solomon, silver was nothing accounted of. But these whims are in the records of 200 years ago, when the milk-white hand of a queen tightened the bow-string for the Grand Vizier, the *Cadin* of 2,700 shawls reigned over two continents and two seas, and the odalisque of a hundred silver carriages ruled the imperial divan.

A conspicuous person about the place is the Bairam Aga, Keeper of the Maidens, a jet-black Nubian, probably from the Soudan. He wears a gorgeous uniform of scarlet and gold, has the air of authority, and on his ample breast displays a dozen imperial, royal and Christian orders of which he is knight. He ranks with prime ministers and field marshals, dispute precedence with ambassadors, and is courted for his influence. A genuine African, he loves jewels, and on the hand graciously extended for kisses of the faithful there glitters a ruby second only to the one for which Rutus Lyon offered a city and was refused. From the savings of his income the Guardian of the Lilies has built a mosque for his lordly sepulchre when his term of vigilant service is ended.

The true Oriental is unsurpassed in secrecy, and there is a fascination in his silence which moves the gossip to insatiate curiosity. The forgotten stop at the carved and gilded portal of the consecrated place. Even Bairam Aga does not pass it. Ambassadors have petitioned and princesses sued in vain for entrance into the Gate of Felicity. The outside world hears not the faintest echo of the strange, adventurous life of

WOMEN WHOSE LOVES,

hates, spites, intrigues, are plays played out with neither audience nor spectator to report. If Beiram Aga knows more than we do, he makes no sign; he is secret as the grave.

It is said that harem etiquette was regulated ages ago by laws that change not, and is observed with rigid exactness and minute observance of detail. The mothers of children have apartments separate, as families in flats, and visit with the grave ceremonials by which Orientals salute strangers. What jealousies may flash in the languishing dark eyes, whose witchery has made their fortune, who knows may tell.

At the Beiram feast the rose-door of Paradise opens, and the ladies of the sereglio take places in the long procession of carriages. Their "unsunned loveliness" is closely veiled, and there is something delicate and sweet in that modest veiling, like the joonsecration implied in the pure white bonnet of the nun. Children's faces orowd the carriage windows, heads lovely as seraph or cherub crowned with lilies and jasmine.

Here is a constant recurrence in mind to the court of Solomon and the Old Testament women. Could we lift the draperies which shadow the sanctuary we might find childless women mourning over their curse, and young mothers exulting, like Leah at the birth of Reuben, when she says: "Now, therefore, my husband will love me." Vashti and Queen Esther after her may enjoy a transient season, but the mother of his sons alone has the lasting affection of the Eastern monarch. And this brings us to the second person in rank of the Ottoman Empire, the mother of the first-born prince. When her son comes to the throne she has the title *Sultana Valide* (Queen Mother). She enjoys an immense income, called slipper money, a separate court and palace, with one hundred and fifty servants. When she drives

HER SUITE IS THIRTY GIRLS

and from ten to fifteen black Agas mounted on Arab horses. No other lady moves in such pomp. When she takes her pleasure on the Bosphorus, it is in the imperial caique, the most exquisite boat since Cleopatra's barge floated on the Cydnus. It is painted pure white, with traceries of gold and pink, and under the perfect stroke of twelve pairs of oars darts like a winged thing across the waves. The rowers, dressed in white silk shirts, white trousers, and red fez, make a stroke with absolute precision, as one man, every thirty seconds.

A crimson canopy of velvet, bordered with gold, is upheld by four gilt columns, and in its shade reclines the Sultana Valide on cushions of down and velvet carpets fringed with gold. A retinue of five caiques filled with maids of honor attend her. They are guarded by black slaves, whose light duty it is to hold umbrellas over the young heads screened by the white turbans. This fleet on the shining water is a most picturesque sight.

The Sultana Valide is the only inmate of the royal harem who is privileged to receive visits from foreigners. Under a manner of quiet dignity she carries determination, which makes high officials dread her influence and seek her favor. In time of peril and distress she may admit deputations from the army and people; her judgment in affairs is acknowledged, and she has been known to plead for her son with eloquence and pathos. At the festival of Beiram, celebrated by the departure of pilgrims for Mecca, she joins the highest dignitaries, ministers, officers civil and martial, in kissing the hem of the Sultan's robe.

BY COURT ETIQUETTE

he must stand in her presence, sitting at her request; in return the place at his right hand, given by Solomon to his mother, is still the reserved seat for the mother of the Padisha. The pontoon bridge spanning the Golden Horn, crossed daily by one hundred thousand men, is called the bridge of the Sultana Valide, and leads to a mosque of the same name.

Seven female officers preside over the harem-ilk. Each has her slaves and establishment, and may be often seen shopping in the city, attended by the imperial servants. Seven thousand persons daily eat the bread and salt of the Grand Signor. My brief space forbids enumeration of service or wages. A few items are: Three hundred cooks, 400 musicians, 200 men in charge of menageries and aviaries, 1200 female slaves. Properly speaking there is no civil list, and accurate figures are not easily reached. The ladies, veiled and attended, visit in their walled gardens and palaces, hired musicians play on lutes, and almehs dance for their amusement. Donizetti, brother of the famous composer, was at one time director in-chief of the Sultan's music. Storytelling is in favor, and a good reciter is in high request. Happy the Scherezade who knows the tales of the genii and can amuse the Caliph who has gone through all the pleasures described by the singing king at Bethleheu: "And whatsoever mine eyes desired I kept not from them; I withheld not my heart from any joy."

SUSAN E. WALLACE.

## WHAT MAKES CRIMINALS?

**Facts that Point to the Need of Industrial and Moral Education.**

Chicago News.

A writer in the *Journal of Industrial Education*—Mr. Ethelbert Stewart—has been making some inquiries with a view to determine the most common fact about our prison population. Of the the 1,494 convicts in the penitentiary at Joliet, he finds only 151 who can be classed as "illiterate;" 127 can read but not write; 1,087 have a "fair" education; 129 are college graduates. Obviously it is not want of education which has made 90 per cent. of these criminals.

Similarly the lack of religious instruction is excluded, as is also, to a great extent, the vice of intemperance—a typical proportion in the large aggregate of convicts showing that ninety-one per cent. had been Sunday school scholars for longer or shorter periods, and that over eighteen per cent. were total abstainers.

"The most common, the most generic, fact is that the convicts among no trade," seventy seven per cent. being entirely ignorant of any trade knowledge whereby they might earn an honest livelihood, only seven per cent having ever learned a trade by apprenticeship, and the remaining sixteen per cent. "having picked up a trade or two by working at it a little," but being unable to command permanent employment for want of necessary proficiency.

Mr. Stewart makes a telling application of his figures, by showing that Chicago spends yearly $18 93 for each pupil in the public schools, and $83 for each arrest made, and that "the city of Chicago never expended a dollar to teach a boy a trade." On the other hand, London pays from she city treasury $385,000 a year toward the support of trade schools, and Mr. Stewart pertinently asks: "May there not be some connection between this fact and the other fact that in 1882 there were in London but one arrest for 48 of the population, while in New York during the same year there was one arrest to each 21 of the population; in Brooklyn one to 53; in St. Louis, one to 20, and in Chicago one to 15?"

**Exercise for Girls.**

However just much of the criticism upon the management of children at the present time may be, it is certainly true that in one respect at least modern mothers are wiser than were their mothers and grandmothers before them. It is only in a few homes that girls are now required to "sit still and be little ladies." Why should a healthy, growing girl be expected to sit still any more than her romping brother, about whom no concern is manifested, provided he remains in the house only long enough to eat and sleep? What matter is it if out-door sports are hard upon dresses and boots? It takes less time and anxiety to mend torn clothes than to watch by beds of sickness, and it costs less to pay the bootmaker than the doctor. The daughters of the present generation are to be the mothers of the next, and they need out-door exercise and in-door sports to make them healthy in body, gentle in disposition, and free from all those nervous affections that are the bane of every woman whose days of girlhood were passed in making patchwork and doing the thousand and one other foolish things commonly dominated "girl's work."—*Nashua Telegraph.*

**Not Like the Dogs.**

She had taken the curl-haired boy on her knee and was telling his mother on whom she was calling, how handsome he was and all that sort of thing. The conversation was on marriage, and she was telling some story about a man who had lost his license when he was going to be married.

"Of course he couldn't get married without a license."

The curly-headed boy looked up.

"Did you have a license when you were married?"

"Yes, certainly, Bobby."

The boy climbed up and began pulling down the ruching about her neck.

"What are you doing, child?"

"I don't see no license."

"I don't carry a license around my neck, dear."

"Well, all the dogs do; they've got to."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—"Yes; I shall break the engagement," she said, folding her arms and looking defiant; "it is really too much trouble to converse with him; he's as deaf as a post, and talks like he had a mouthful of mush. Besides, the way he hawks and spits is disgusting." "Don't break the engagement for that; tell him to take Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It will cure him completely." "Well, I'll tell him. I do hate to break it off, for in all other respects he's quite too charming." Of course, it cured his catarrh.

**No Doubt About It.**

They were in the parlor, occupying a chair with but a single thought. They had discussed the tariff, the Irish question, the sleighing, the opera, the weather, and other important topics, till conversation was almost fagged out. After a long pause:

"Ducky!"

"Whatty?"

"Do you think I am making any progress in courting?"

"Well, I should say you were holding your own."

Tableau.—*Springfield Union.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

## LAZARUS'S DISCIPLES.

THE BEGGARS OF ALL LANDS.

**How Gypsies are Treated in Turkey—Beggars of the Orient—Holy Mendicants and Their Wierd Ways—The Fakirs of India—Chinese Beggars—Extraordinary Beggars in Japan.**

For the Blade. Copyrighted, 1888, by the Author.

Prosperity is ours, abundant harvests fill the granaries, elevators are overflowing, hundreds of miles of new railroad are built every year, the national treasury has more money in it than the government knows what to do with. But with all this wealth and prosperity abject poverty is still the lot of vast numbers of the people. All our triumphs of civilization fail to abolish poverty. The best that Western civilization has yet been able to do, is to establish measures of temporary relief for the destitute and to suppress in a measure the outward evidences of abject want.

Western civilization has well nigh abolished the trade of mendicancy. Gangs of tramps wander about the country during the summer and pick up a precarious livelihood without work, but they are not genuine mendicants. They render themselves liable to the law every time they ask for a bite of anything to eat or a night's lodging. The law in its majesty believes that it has abolished all excuse for beggary, by establishing workhouses and similar institutions where relief may be obtained. The slip-shod individual with his hair protruding through the big, jagged fissure in his hat, and with one of his coat-tails tacked on with a pin, who skulks in the shadows of a by-street and whines out his supplication for a nickel to help pay for a bed, does so in fear and trembling. He dreads detection by the policeman on the corner,

who, if he saw him, would arrest him for vagrancy.

These observations, with certain modifications apply also to England, France, Germany and other European nations that are far advanced in civilization. In the green lanes of Merry England one meets occasionally a "vagrom man" who respectfully touches his cap and proceeds to tell the stereotyped tale of woe. But before he ventures to accost you, he looks this way and that to make sure that no lynx-eyed rural "bobbie" is anywhere nigh at hand. In France I saw no beggary, and soon expended a dollar to teach a boy a trade." On the other hand, London pays from she city treasury $385,000 a year toward the support of trade schools, and Mr. Stewart pertinently asks: "May there not be some connection between this fact and the other fact that in 1882 there were in London but one arrest for 48 of the population, while in New York during the same year there was one arrest to each 21 of the population; in Brooklyn one to 53; in St. Louis, one to 20, and in Chicago one to 15?"

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jects are beggars by profession. Not only is the professional mendicant tolerated in Persia, but he is regarded as holy, and his calling is eminently respectable. The streets of a Persian city are full of beggars of every imaginable description. Some are regular fixtures at certain spots, occupying their posts as regularly as the days come and go.

As you walk down the street, one miserable wretch shuffles out of his corner, and thrusts into your notice some horrible deformity; a little farther, and you meet a pitiable object with his nose cut off and eyes entirely gone from their sockets. The next one perhaps will be without hands, and the next without feet. These are poor wretches who have been mutilated for theft from some provincial official, or other crime which would be punishable in a civilized country by a few months' imprisonment. In Persia they are mutilated and turned adrift to spend the rest of their lives in mendicancy.

Not all are cripples, however; far from it. Many of lusty frame and robust health follow mendicancy as a profession, because it pays better than work. An English telegraphist, a friend of mine in Teheran, once took a kindly interest in an intelligent-looking fellow whom he saw begging on the corner every day, and offered him a place in his service at current wages. The beggar thanked him politely for his kindness, and told him that he had af amily to support, and could support them in better form by begging than he could by work, consequently wasn't looking for work.

One of the most eccentric landmarks in the streets of Teheran that I remember was a man whose peculiarity was attitudinizing in the middle of the road. In the keen rivalry for attracting the notice of passers-by, in a community swarming with professional beggars, all sorts of ingenious devices are resorted to. This person was all but a living skeleton, and in this country would naturally gravitate to a dime museum as such. He was as much of a picture as a post. In the summer the sun baked him, and in the winter the cold rains kept him in a perpetual shiver; but summer or winter he wore nothing but a thin, greasy clout that barely sufficed to cover his nakedness. He always stood with arms folded so that each claw-like hand grasped the opposite equally bony shoulder. From morning till night he never uttered a word of supplication, but used to turn his black eyes with mournful appeal on such passers-by as he thought fair game. When a coin was handed him, he mechanically released one shoulder, quietly slipped the coin into a handy pocket, and immediately clutched his shoulder again. It was ascertained that he had occupied that same spot for years; everybody had come to regard him as a permanent landmark of the street.

The most interesting class of mendicants in Persia, and probably in the whole world, are the dervishes. These wierd members of the mendicant fraternity are met with all over Persia, on the roads, in the villages and the cities. Their usual dress is the skin of some wild animal, preferably a tiger-skin, thrown carelessly about their shoulders, and a pair of white cotton pantalettes. If the dervish cannot obtain a tiger skin, he will, as the next best choice, secure the skin of a panther, or will content himself with the hide of a deer or antelope. In addition to this striking make-up he carries a huge spiked club or a small battle-axe, and an alms-holder made from an oblong gourd-shell or the outer shell of a cocoa nut. Thus fantastically, and even ferociously arrayed, the dervish stalks through the thronged bazarrs of a Persian city shouting out "hakk, yah hakk!" and thrusting his alms holder right and left among the people.

The dervishes are regarded as holy mendicants by the common people, and spend the greater portion of their lives in wandering about from one distant Central Asian city to another. They might, perhaps, aptly be compared to the wandering friars of England and Europe five hundred years ago. Everybody regards it as lucky, as well as meritorious, to give alms to the dervishes. The average Persian gives a tenth part of his income away in alms to beggars, the greater part of which goes to able-bodied men and dervishes who are well able to work for their own living.

In India begging is discouraged as far as possible by the British authorities, and measures to diminish the evil among Western nations have been introduced. Among a teeming population of 200 million Orientals, however, any sweeping change in such a time-honored profession as mendicancy is a question of time, and not to be easily effected. Beggary is as much a profession and a common as it is either in Turkey or Persia. There is a recognized mendicant caste in India, known as faquirs. The faquirs are regarded as eminently holy, and subsist upon the charity of the people. Like the Persian dervishes, they wander about all over the country, spending most of their lives making long pilgrimages to various holy shrines.

The Indian faquir is a loathsome-looking creature, with long black hair matted about his head and shoulders with an accumulation of filth, and he generally plasters his body with mud. His sole raiment is a calico waist-clout; his face is fantastically streaked with red paint; he has probably registered a vow never to apply the cleansing process to his person from one year's end to another. The filthier and more disgusting he can make himself, the holier he is considered by the superstitious Hindoo peasantry. The faquir is a crafty rogue, with little, ferret-like eyes, black as ink, and which twinkle avariciously through the bushy mass of unkempt hair that falls about his face. He knows the superstition and reverence with which he is regarded by the people, and makes the most his opportunities to trade upon their ignorance and credulity. He always carries with him a little brass bowl attached to a long string. With this he draws himself drinking water from the deep roadside wells, and also uses it as a receptacle for alms, to eat food from, and various other uses. In Benares there is a "faquir temple," where priests bestow a handful of gram upon every beggar who applies for it. The gram is supplied by wealthy Hindoos who make the feeding of faquirs their special religious hobby. It is considered a disgrace to allow a faquir to go away from this temple without being fed.

As might be expected, the most abominable specimens of the mendicant fraternity are to be found in China. The loathsome appearance of the Chinese professional beggar is beyond the powers of description. All sorts of horrible deformities are voluntarily endured, to work upon the sympathy of the people. Eyes are blinded, faces mutilated and limbs twisted. All that is done in the way of mutilation by the authorities of Persia in the punishment of criminals is inflicted by Chinese mendicants upon their own offspring as tricks of their profession. Horribly maimed victims of this atrocious custom are encountered at the gates of Chinese cities, and in the streets.

In Japan there is nothing revolting about mendicancy. Begging is here, as in several other countries named, recognized as a regular profession. The Japanese beggar is a model of politeness and honesty. It is the custom of shop-keepers and others, to save themselves the trouble of answering the numerous calls of mendicants, hanging a number of small copper coins in the front of their shops, one coin on each nail in the wall. When a mendicant comes along, he sees the coins, knows what they are there for, and steps up and transfers one of them to his wallet. He never abuses the confidence thus placed in him by the charitable shop-keeper, by taking more than one.

THOMAS STEVENS.

## OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

It has now been several years since Victoria Woodhull's name was such a familiar one in the newspapers, and in the rapidly moving current of events she has become one of the interests of the past. It is known that she is married in England; that her husband is a rich banker, but beyond, people have very vague ideas as to her life, and care little to have them made clear. News has come lately, however, through her sister, formerly Tenn e Claffin, now Lady Cook, that Victoria has received permission from her husband to erect an institution in this country for the education of young girls. The building is to cost $1,000,000, and it will be maintained entirely at Mr. Martin's expense. The object will be to teach young women the responsibilities of their lives as mothers, and the teachers will be those who have been successful and happy in the rearing of their children. "Girls will be taught that it is not essential that they should plunge headlong into matrimony without considering whether they are properly mated or whether they are fitted to become mothers." If Mrs. Martin's idea can be properly carried out, a good work may be done, but it will require something more than money to make it successful. Whether she has that something will be proved, should she go on with her undertaking.

LIKE so many of the old-fashioned sayings and superstitions, the ancient saw of

"A whistling girl and a crowing hen
Always come to some bad end"

has been very much disregarded for the last year or two, until now it is one of the fashionable sins among society women to be proficient in the art of whistling.

This accomplishment, like many others, owes a good deal of its popularity to its oddness, and in charity concerts and like entertainments where amateur performers are the shining lights, the fair whistler who can pucker her lips and still look pretty, at the same time bringing forth the required bird-like trills and runs, is always in great demand. It would seem as if every one might become master or rather mistress of the art, but every one can not crimp up the lips in the necessary "prunes and prisms" shape without looking ridiculous to their listeners and observers, and then the least ghost of a smile is fatal to a successful performance. No matter how fine a whistle any one may possess, the music thus made is not particularly inspiring. It would never incite one to great deeds or arouse a thought of the loveliness and brightness of life; still, as it is at present quite the "proper caper," doubtless there are many fair damsels in the land who will spend much time and practice to perfect themselves in the art, and then forget all about it when the craze has passed away to make room for the newest and latest popular freak.

IT is better to be born lucky than rich," as the old saying has it, but, after all, is there any such thing as luck. Some say yes, and argue in its favor, the other half of the world say no, and claim that success in life is gained through personal efforts and farsightedness alone. De Quincey, himself certainly a most unfortunate man, speaks of Wordsworth as one who never wanted for anything, as fortune or luck favored him in every respect, and he had but to wish to receive. De Quincey goes on to say "had I anything in my possession I knew was necessary to Wordsworth's requirements, with the speed of a man running for his life I would have laid it at his feet. 'Take it,' I should have said, 'take it or in three weeks I shall be a dead man.'" Belief in luck is a convenient superstition, for in the failure of any undertaking, it is very easy to lay the blame upon some outside influence and console oneself by saying "that is just my luck." It is difficult to explain just exactly what luck is. It may be favorable circumstances which surround the birth and follow the fortunate one all his days, or it may be that intuitive foresight that tells the future belonging to a small portion of manhood, or again it may be a strong belief, Micawber-like, that something will turn up. Success is not luck; it does not come by chance but only through strenuous efforts and those who sit down and wait for luck to come to them speedily grow poor, as generosity will soon find themselves in the situation of Cowper's people:

"Who spent their lives
In dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing tired of *drawing nothing up.*"

CO-OPERATIVE housekeeping has often been talked of, dreamed of and sighed for by numberless women worn out with the trivial cares of home life and the exasperating freaks of bad servants, but until Lizzie Mendel's experiment has never been other that a "*Chateau en Espagne.*" In one of the Jersey suburbs of New York, a dozen or so of families—summer emigrants from the city, most of them—have had a tract of rolling land put into a state of cultivation, making of it a pretty little park, dotted over with picturesque Queen Anne cottages, made lovely and cheerful with open fire-places and quaint furnishings. Here, summer and winter, live the few families who have embarked in the new enterprise of co-operative housekeeping. The idea suggested itself by each one of their households doing away with the unfair duties falling on Monday. Joining together during the summer months succeeded in enticing a strong Irish sister from the fascinating delights of city tenement life and fitting up a disused building as a laundry, the city importation was installed therein and with the help of another stalwart, ruddy daughter of Erin, each family wash was "done up" with quickness and dispatch, attended by none of the usual discomforts. Finding the co-operative laundry such a success the plan of carrying out the system through all the household arrangements, was proposed, lived over, and finally became delightful reality and the dwellers in the little settlement were transformed from summer colonists into permanent residents.

A CO-OPERATIVE dining club was more difficult to manage, but all obstacles were finally overcome and another Queen Anne building added to the group. In this addition was the dining-room, billiard and reading rooms, while last, but by no means the least, came the culinary department. Two women, both of them residents of this novel community, were appointed to inaugurate the dining-club. One serves as steward, buying the supplies and attending to the furnaces; the other is manager, and makes out the bills of fare and is responsible for the hiring and superintendence of the servants, both receiving for their labors a generous monthly salary. The meals are served either in the club dining room—which is divided into the most delightful little alcoves, so that, with curtains drawn, each family may enjoy the privacy of his own dining-room; or may be sent to the separata cottages, in which case an extra price of board is charged. The price of board has been placed at $4 per week for each adult, the plan not being either a money-making or saving enterprise, but simply to save time, kitchen jangles and confusion. So far everything works smoothly. Each one is left to follow the dictates of her own sweet will, and when the male portion of the colony returns from their city labors it is to find awaiting them a placid household and a perfect dinner.

**Remarkable Surgery.**

The science of surgery has made such wonderful progress in modern times, that the most intricate and delicate operations are now undertaken and carried to a successful issue. There are now several well authenticated cases of what is known as pneumotony, that is to say, the removal of diseased portions of the lungs in cases of consumption. While, however, this delicate operation has sometimes been successfully performed, the risks attending it are so great, and the chance of recovery so slight, that it is seldom resorted to. The safest plan in consumptive cases is to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This will always cure the disease in its earlier stages, thoroughly arresting the ravages of the terrible malady, by removing its cause and healing the lungs.

**How About Women?**

Cincinnati Times-Star.

Few men have virtue to withstand the highest bidder.

RARE CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

Good men and women wanted to take orders for ENLARGED PORTRAITS. Write at once for terms. You can make it pay right at home, or spend 7 cents in stamps, to pay postage, and we will send you, FREE, for examination, an exact sample of our NONPAREIL PORTRAIT, providing you agree to return it if you do not take the agency for our work. Address

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## Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not designed to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to demand a reply. To not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the slightest attention unless the name and third rules above are strictly complied with.

### Great Britain and the Confederacy.

J. G. B., South Bend:

Please tell a young reader of the BLADE if England took any part in the rebellion and fought against the loyal states.

The course of Great Britain during the rebellion was not always consistent, and not always free from blunders. There is little room in a work of the history that needs to be reproduced in order to show clearly what were the changes of policy of the administration toward this government. On May 13, 1861, Queen Victoria issued a proclamation, declaring her determination to maintain a strict neutrality between the two contending parties, to both of which the rights of belligerents were to be accorded, and warning her subjects that they must, in nothing either party, as they would thereby throw themselves out of the pale of British protection, and on conviction of such offense would be punished by fine and imprisonment. This left neither party a belligerent and according the rebels the same standing as the Union no doubt exercised great influence on the British mind, and gave the rebels hopes of final open support. The fact was that many of the leading journals of England were hostile, open and pronounced, to the Union, and many prominent men lent additional courage to the Confederacy. The press of Britain, with a few honorable exceptions, was very bitter against President Lincoln, and even went to the extent of vulgar abuse of his personal appearance, etc. The Mason and Slidell incident, known in history as the Trent affair, tended to increase the virulence of the British press towards the United States, a temper which Prince Albert used his influence to calm. The feeling favorable to the South continued, however, and needless words were offered in Parliament for the recognition of the Southern Confederacy. These were withdrawn at the request of the Premier, Viscount Palmerston. In spite of the notifications of the United States that the privateer Alabama was being fitted out in British waters to prey on American commerce, that war vessel was allowed to depart from a British port, and bring such damage to American shipping that Great Britain afterward conceded the claims known thereafter as the "Alabama claims." During the year 1863 the shipowners who had fitted out blockade runners were most active in Great Britain to secure the full recognition of the Confederacy. So eminent a man as Earl Russell stated in the British House of Lords, on March 23, 1863, that he did not believe the Federals would be successful, and yet he held that it would be unfriendly to recognize the Confederacy. At last two of Earl Russell's colleagues in the government—the Right Hon. T. Milner Gibson and Sir George Cornewall Lewis—were openly hostile to the Union. Their political opponents in Great Britain, the Tories, led by Earl Derby and Disraeli, professed to be in favor of immediate recognition of the Confederacy, and whenever occasion offered pressed a resolution to that effect upon the ministry. Mr. Colobert made a powerful speech in April, 1863, in favor of the ministry's position in refusing to recognize the Confederacy and to adhere to their position of neutrality. Mr. Roebuck, a pronounced friend of the Confederacy in Parliament from the beginning of the war, moved, in June, an address in the House of Commons, praying that negotiations might be entered into by the great powers of Europe for the purpose of obtaining their co-operation in the recognition of the independence of the Confederate States. By the great powers was meant France, represented by the Emperor Louis Napoleon, who was ready to join England in such a measure. Mr. Gladstone objected to the motion of Mr. John Bright made an eloquent speech against it, and Mr. Roebuck finally withdrew it. There was a showing itself in Great Britain a more friendly feeling towards the United States among the masses and a considerable portion of the intelligent middle class, especially of the dissenting bodies. Henry Ward Beecher's addresses in England were attended by excellent results, and the speeches and essays of John Bright, Richard Cobden, John Stuart Mill, Professor Newman, Goldwin Smith, J. E. Cairnes, and others were very effective in favor of British sentiment. Jefferson Davis's denunciation of the British government and the resentment shown by John Mason on leaving England, show the change effected. The sinking of the Alabama by the Kearsarge, the escape of Semmes and part of his crew in an English yacht, and the ovation given them on their arrival in England, brought forth another effort to recognize the Confederacy, but the

# TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1888.

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## THE COMING CAMPAIGN.

The political battle of this year will be the most important that has been fought in the United States for years. The struggle will not only be for supremacy in the White House and in Congress, but it will also decide our future economic system—whether the Republican principle of protection, which has caused such an unparalleled development of our country in every possible line since its adoption, shall be continued, or whether we shall plunge the nation into financial depression, great labor troubles, bankruptcy and poverty, to carry out the theories of a stubborn and unstatesmanlike President.

The BLADE will be found where it has ever stood—on the side of the best interests of the whole people; on the side of American workingmen as against those of Europe; for the prosperity of American manufactures instead of those of foreign lands; in favor of American goods, made by American workmen, as against the conspiracy of the free trade theorists and the selfish ring of importers in the Atlantic cities, who see enormous fortunes in prospect as the result of the adoption of the suicidal policy of President CLEVELAND; on the side of the American farmer, whose prosperity depends far more on a home market than on a foreign one; on the side of prosperity for all, rather than poverty to the many and prosperity to the merchant princes of New York.

The BLADE will be made brighter and better than ever the coming year. Mr. LOCKE had elaborated certain plans for its improvement during 1888, which will be fully and faithfully carried out. All the regular departments will be improved and bettered. The "Household," the "Young Folks," the "Camp Fire," the "Farm," and "Question Bureau" will each be made the best of its kind; and the BLADE shall still be more worthy of the title of "The only *perfect* newspaper in America."

We are preparing for a tremendous accession to our subscription list the coming year. During the campaign of 1884 our circulation ran up to 200,000, and we expect a half million during 1888.

Send us the addresses of all your friends whom you think would like a first-class newspaper, and we will send a specimen copy to each of them. We want EVERYBODY to send us a list of addresses.

And if you want to earn an honest penny yourself, send for confidential terms to club agents. We shall pay a larger cash commission for clubs this year than any other paper before the public. An energetic person can easily earn $5 a day by raising clubs for the BLADE this winter. Write for confidential club terms.

Don't fail to send lists of names for sample copies.

## RUM AS THE SOURCE OF NATIONAL DECAY.

Strange as it may seem, the great mass of the people of this country do not understand fully the proposed scope of Prohibition. This is clear from the arguments that are common in men's mouths against it. For instance, it is frequently pointed out that in ancient times there were the most severe laws against drunkenness, yet they were ineffective to curb the vice. The severe code of DRACO, the Athenian lawgiver, fixed death as the drunkard's penalty. The milder laws of SOLON imposed a havy fine upon any archon who became intoxicated for the first offense, and fixed the death penalty for the second; while any citizen seen entering a wine-shop was dishonored forever, and if he were a senator he was banished from the Areopagus. In other ancient Grecian cities there were laws against the vice of drunkenness. In one, it was ordained that any offense committed by a man while intoxicated should pay a double penalty; and in another, that any one who drank wine unless it was ordered as a medicine by his physician, should suffer death. And in Rome, the heaviest penalties were enacted against drinking on the part of women and soldiers.

These and many other historical facts of a similar nature are brought up in array as a convincing proof that men cannot be kept from drinking by statute, and that legislation against the illicit indulgence of man's appetites and passions is always imperfect and ineffective. We think the argument is fallacious, when brought to bear against Prohibition. These laws were directed against the individuals who drank; Prohibition is directed against the manufacture and sale.

That is to say—the advocates of Prohibition recognize that Rum is the cause of drunkenness, and that it is perfectly feasible to prevent its manufacture and sale; therefore, it is possible by Prohibition to cure the drink evil.

The lesson of history is, not that Prohibition is impracticable, but that laws are ineffective to keep men from drunkenness so long as Rum is easily attainable. No lawgiver of any ancient nation seems ever to have thought of attacking the problem from the other side, and preventing intemperance by making it impossible.

Fallen man is the creature of his appetites, and unless he has a strong moral nature he needs but opportunity and temptation to bring him under the deadly spell of the Rum Devil. We do not object to laws which guard the community, in some measure, for the evils of Rum; but they are ineffective to prevent intemperance and the terrible train of evils that follow in its wake, so long as Rum is made and sold. The objective point is there. Stop the manufacture, prevent the sale, make it impossible for a man to obtain the devil's drink in any of its multifarious forms, and the curse is lifted from the land.

This is a view that should be set clearly before every voter of the land, that should be impressed upon our children, that should be taught by every church and in every school. Plainly speaking, the object of Prohibition is not so much the raising of the fallen as it is to prevent the downfall of humanity, not only of the present generation, but of countless generations to come. The man who has once become a confirmed drunkard has lost his moral stamina. So long as he can get Rum, he will wallow in the filth of his debasing vice. Punishment will not keep him from it; the only thing that will make a man of him again is to put it out of his power to get Rum.

The world's history is but the repeated story of the fall of nations. Not one of the mighty empires of the past is in existence to-day, and Rum was the most potent factor in the decay of each and every one of them. Drunkenness is the fruitful parent of the whole brood of debasing vices, and the great nations of antiquity fell through the destruction of the manhood of their people through Rum and vice. It is the lesson of the annals of the world that power and wealth give the means to the people of a nation to indulge their appetites, and that through that indulgence inevitably comes the decay of the state. It was so with Assyria, with Egypt, with Greece, with Rome, and it will be so with every nation whose flag proudly floats today, including our own loved land, if the curse of Rum is not banished. Wherever Rum exists, men will drink it—for a large fraction of humanity lacks moral backbone, and is swayed by passion and by appetite rather than governed by reason and obedient to the commands of religion and the behests of common sense; and so long as they drink, intemperance, and vice and crime, will abound. Men are subjects, by the eternal law, to the consequences of their own acts; and this is true of them as individuals and as communities. Individuals will be brought down to pauperism, to vice and to crime, and the nation will decay in the same proportion.

Man possesses the inherent right to self-preservation, and this right inures to the state as well. As a man may take measures to protect himself against a danger which threatens his life, so the nation may most certainly protect itself against a danger which menaces its perpetuity or its power. It has a perfect right to protect itself against Rum and the brood of evils which follow it, like vultures following the march of an invading army.

What then, shall our own country do? What steps shall she take to protect her from the grave danger to her national life from the Rum traffic? It is impatient of control, rebellious against restriction. It is in the hands of men who pursue it for its unholy gains, wrung from the want of millions, wrested from the wives and children who are its rightful owners. Wedded to its infernal traffic for the sake of blood-stained and tear-wet gold, the Rum Power arrogates to itself nothing less than the control of the nation, that it may perpetuate the curse and increase its gains. It is the enemy of the home, the destroyer of the family, the advocate of sin, the protector of vice, the defender of crime. Its outposts are everywhere. From the showily-ornamented and pretentious bar-rooms that throng at every hand in the main streets of our great cities to the beer saloons in the manufacturing sections, from the combined grocery and Rum-shop in the midst of the homes of the poor to the roadside doggery in the rural regions, every place where Rum is sold is a recruiting station for the vast army of drunkards, of whom it is estimated that 70,000 drop into dishonored graves every year, in this country alone.

And these breathing holes of hell are more than this, even. They are the kindergartens of vice, the training-schools of crime. There is not an infamous house in any city of the land where Rum is not dealt out to stimulate man's basest passion, and to overcome woman's resistance to ruin. Rum stimulates the criminal's brain, and nerves the murderer's arm. It drags woman's virtue in the mire, and degrades manhood by its vile promptings to bestiality. It fills our penitentiaries with criminals, and crowds our poor-houses and our insane asylums with its victims, while our children's homes and orphan asylums are filled with the innocent and helpless children of drunkards—the fulfillment of the Scriptural curse being there illustrated: "I will visit the sins of the fathers upon the children."

Yet this appalling list is but a small part of the long indictments against the Rum Power—the men who make and vend this invention of the devil. They need no sympathy, for they have none for their victims. They need no mercy, for they show none to humanity. Morally they are criminals of the deepest dye, for they tempt their fellow-men to ruin. They are the enemies of humanity, the foes of the nation. There is but one remedy that is in the power of the people, and that is, through united effort, to adopt Prohibition, and thus

*Pulverize the Rum Power.*

## WORKS OF D. R. LOCKE. (NASBY.)

Already the mails are daily bringing to us hundreds of letters of inquiry regarding the many publications of Nasby. In reply to these inquiries we desire to say that we are now making arrangements to file orders for some of his best publications in book form, and at the same time will announce the publishers of others. In the meantime we are now prepared to send, postpaid, by mail, on receipt of $1.25, his latest and best book, "Nasby in Exile." This is a large book of nearly 700 pages, handsomely bound in cloth and gilt, and formerly retailed at $3.50. We also have a limited number of the celebrated pamphlet, "Inflation at the Cross Roads," which a few years ago reached a circulation of nearly half a million copies. We mail these pamphlets at 10 cents.

THE national House of Representatives has failed to pass the joint resolution for an amendment to the federal constitution making April 30 inauguration day and the date for the beginning of a new Congress. It prefers an amendment, which is now pending, to fix December 31 as the date, and have the new Congress assemble on the first Monday in January. This really has much more to recommend it than the previous one proposed. To illustrate: The Congressman elected next November will begin their term of office, on March 4, 1889, but will not get to work until the first Monday in December—a year and a month after their election. Under the proposed amendment, they would go into office in less than two months after their election, and proceed to active business.

BEN. BUTTERWORTH told a grand truth the other day when he said the reason the Ohio Republicans are so successful is because they have no political bosses. Indiana had one in MORTON, and when he died the party could not hold the state firmly in the Republican column. New York had ROSCOE CONKLING, and we all know the result. And when the evil day comes that sets up a party "boss" or a one-man "machine" in Ohio, the Republican party will weaken in the state. There is much more that could be said on this subject, but we refrain from motives of kindness to certain Ohio men.

CANCEROUS matter has been discovered in the throat of the German Crown Prince, and his condition is now regarded as extremely critical by the physicians. It may be considered but a question of time when he will die, for even extirpation of the larynx would probably do nothing but postpone the inevitable for a few months.

GRESHAM and HARRISON are Indiana's two Presidential candidates for the Republican nomination, but the jealousies now cropping up between them their supporters bid fair to kill the chances of both. Indiana must go to Chicago solid for one or the other, if she expects a fighting chance to have the head of the ticket.

## CRUSH THE TRUSTS.

In past centuries, the monopoly of the manufacture or sale of any article in common use was regarded as a valuable franchise, and in England and other European countries the government compelled the holders of such monopoly to pay a good round sum to the Crown for the franchise. The plain fact that these monopolies were an oppression upon the people, making them pay arbitrarily high prices for such goods, led to their abolition, the field of enterprise being thrown open to all who might desire to enter. Competition being thus inaugurated, the price was cheapened to the consumer. But the golden possibilities of a monopoly of any given article of daily deed has constantly proved a temptation to men, and the economic history of the world is full of attempts to control one product or a line of products.

The boldest and most successful of these attempts is the outgrowth of "pools," or combinations among manufacturers or wholesale dealers. This invention of greed is dubbed a "trust." It is an union of interests on the part of every one concerned in a certain line of business, each having stock in proportion to the output of his establishment or the capital invested. The effect of a trust is to keep up prices to an artificial point by restricting production and controlling the market. Individual competition is crushed out by underselling, and by any and all means that the immense capital of the combination and the unscrupulous shrewdness of its managers may be able to use. The right to deal in the necessaries of life, both in the United States and in Europe, is rapidly passing into the hands of these wealthy and powerful combinations. We are reverting, in effect, to a system in vogue in the Middle Ages in Europe.

The people are just now like ISSACHAR—"a strong ass, crouching down between two burdens." They are patient and long-suffering, but they will not endure this sort of thing long. This conscienceless tyranny of "trusts" must be crushed, and that quickly. The battle will be between the power of combined capital on the one hand, and the power of the united people on the other. The latter are now looking to their elected servants in state legislatures and in congressional halls for relief, and if it is not quickly given, there will be such a shifting of pieces on the political chess-board as will drive bribe-takers and the paid agents of monopoly into retirement and disgrace.

Two state legislatures—both Republican, let it be noted—have already moved in this matter. The New York Senate has directed one of its committees to make a thorough investigation of "trust" monopolies, and it is already hard at work in the metropolis, sounding the depths of human greed and selfishness as displayed in the sugar trust. The committee will examine the methods of organizing and operating trusts, and report a bill for their suppression.

Under a joint resolution of both Houses, the General Assembly of Ohio will appoint a committee for a similar purpose, which will sit during the recess, and give these monopolistic creations a thorough investigation. This committee will then prepare a bill to destroy them. Let the very best men in the legislature, men without fear or favor, be placed upon this committee. This intolerable form of corporate hoggishness must be crushed out, that the people may be relieved of the burden of an enforced tax upon the necessaries of life.

There is no defense for the system of trusts, and no reason for their existence save in human avarice. The effort to destroy them by legislation will have the backing of the entire community, irrespective of politics, except only the men concerned in them. The war against them must be a war of extermination, and the quicker the end is reached the better it will be for the long-suffering people.

THE official "explanation" of Russia's attitude toward Bulgaria, published in the government organ at St. Petersburg, is of vaperous tennity. It asserts that Russia "solely desires Bulgaria's welfare," "grieves at her trials," and "has no intention to prejudice in any way the liberty of the Bulgarians"—except the liberty to choose a Prince or a legislature that will be independent of the Czar. In other words, Bulgaria will be allowed to have her own way if she will but choose Russia's way. Her "liberty" must be the liberty of a dog with a collar and strong chain attached. Such "explanations" may be required by the exigencies of Russian diplomacy, but to American eyes it would seem manlier to say that Russia wants Bulgaria as a stopping-stone to Constantinople, and that she means to have it.

POOR CLEVELAND! Without the mental equipment of a statesman, without the wide range of knowledge needed in a public man, he aspires to be considered a person of brains, and has a weakness for rhetorical display. His cyclopedia speeches on his Western tour provoked the laughing ridicule of the entire nation, and now a New York lawyer has discovered that his famous phrase, "public office is a public trust," was stolen from Lord LOUGHBOROUGH, an English jurist, who in 1790 said: "This transaction concerns a public office, deemed by law to be a place of public trust." The Presidential plagiarist should get some person of brains to write original speeches and paragraphs for him.

NEARLY three months of the Congressional session have expired, and yet nothing has been done in the way of carrying out CLEVELAND'S urgent message by the Democratic majority in the house. This shows clearly the fact that the BLADE has often mentioned—that the Democratic party has not the ability and courage to formulate new lines of governmental policy. National affairs have been run by Republican methods and on Republican policy since the present administration came into power.

THERE never was a time when it was more necessary for the Republican party to choose delegates of the highest standing and the most undoubted wisdom to a national convention. Keep out those who go round with a candidate's collar on their necks, and send men who are able to lay aside mere personal preference, and act for the best interests of the party in the coming campaign.

THE difference between the respective attitudes of Mr. BLAINE and Mr. CLEVELAND is simply this: Mr. BLAINE'S immense popularity in his own party made him a candidate for nomination, and he respectfully withdraws. Mr. CLEVELAND declared himself against a second term, and now is pulling wires to secure it. Which of the two is the more worthy the respect of the nation?

THE sugar trust's first step was to put out $40,000,000 of scrip, which is nothing but water; its second step was to push up the price of sugar to the consumer, in order to pay dividends on this scrip. So much the New York investigation has already brought out; and it is enough to condemn this trust, and all others of the monopolistic brood.

A "TRUST" prevents all competition by controlling production. Free trade destroys home industries by favoring importations of foreign goods. The best interests of the nation demands that trusts shall be prevented and a protective tariff maintained.

THE cottonseed oil trust has a watered capital of $41,700,000, and its profits last year were about 12 per cent. It is as big a thief as the other trusts.

## HON. CASSIUS M. CLAY ON BLAINE'S LETTER.

The BLADE is glad to present its readers the following letter, from Hon. CASSIUS M. CLAY, of Kentucky, by all odds the ablest Southern Republican statesman. It was written to an old friend in Meadville, Pa., who kindly gives us permission to publish it. Mr. CLAY is an ardent admirer of Hon. JAMES G. BLAINE, and his discussion of possible candidates, now that the leading one has voluntarily withdrawn, will be read with interest:

WHITEHALL, KY., February 18, 1888.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—Yours of the 14th instant was received yesterday. In continuance of our correspondence—events crowd upon us which bring not only surprise, but anxious thought. The most brilliant and representative leader of the Republican party declines the nomination for the Presidency. Whether his motives are political or personal it is not for us to inquire—and without further light we are left only to speculation.

I have sometimes felt that Blaine could carry New York, while no other Republican could. In this I may be mistaken; but one thing is sure—no aggressive rival of Blaine can carry New York or the nation. All history proves that the passions of men are stronger than their judgments—and this our party must, now the field is clear for decision, not forget.

I agree with you that Robert T. Lincoln is the man to win. He has no rivalries and no enemies. If any man besides Blaine can carry New York, Lincoln is that man; and, more, he is the *only* Republican who can carry a Southern state. So that, without New York even, he could be elected. I have for many years been of this opinion.

I believe in the breed of men as well as of dogs; and Bob Lincoln is good stock on both sides of the house, as all of us know. I am for him because he is the son of his father. Not that he is as great as the immortal Lincoln—a century of time is needed for the gestation of such another. But he has lived long enough to prove his own right to the love of all men who believe that noble sentiments as well as principles are the sure foundation of a living party. Yes, I agree with you—Lincoln can be elected.

Your life-long friend,
CASSIUS MARCELLUS CLAY.

CASSIUS M. CLAY is 78 years old, but he has a clear head and wields a vigorous pen in discussing the Republican presidential nomination. He has been a Republican since the organization of the party, and was one of the candidates for the party's Presidential nomination before its first national convention in 1876, when FREMONT carried off the honors.

## FREE SPECIMENS.

Will our readers kindly send us a list of names of people who do not now take the BLADE? We desire to send a free specimen copy to all who ought to take it, and that means every intelligent family not now on our list. Every reader of the BLADE might suggest a dozen or twenty such addresses.

THERE are a number of people in this world who are in a state of eternal unrest regarding facts which the remainder of mankind are willing to consider settled. Of this class are the people who are worrying because our histories say that COLUMBUS discovered America. They are determined to deprive the Genoese navigator of his renown, and confer the historic honor upon EEIF ERIKSON, a Viking, who is alleged to have reached some unknown point on the North American coast somewhere about A. D. 1100. Granting the truth of this statement, the proof of which is simply a legend, we rise to remark that the discovery was barren, as the civilized portion of the globe never heard of it, and no colonization followed. COLUMBUS was the first to make the Western half of the world known to the enterprise of Europe, and the effort to make the half-savage Norse searover a great discoverer is a silly waste of time and labor.

THE New York *World* enters upon a work of supererogation when it volunteers the following advice to the Republicans:

The mugwumps are not of you and you ought to know it. For you to shape your policy or to select your candidate with a view to conciliate them is futile. They will be for Cleveland and free trade, no matter whom you nominate.

We know of no Republican who has any desire to "conciliate" the mugwumps, or to make the party's policy conform to their vagaries. They are not worth it, anyhow. The mugwumps remind us of the fabled nymph ECHO, who wasted away until there was nothing left of her but her voice. You constantly hear their voices, but when election day rolls round their voting strength is *nil*.

A SYNDICATE of capitalists have in view the building of a ship canal between Lakes Michigan and Superior, which will be about 40 miles long, cost some $5,000,000, and which will save one day's time between the two lakes. Every project to facilitate water transportation by the lakes should be heartily encouraged, for this water competition is the only thing that keeps down railway freight rates between the West and the seaboard, and the reduction inures to the benefit of the farmers of the great West.

IT was wise to change the date of the Democratic National convention to some other than July 3. The latter is an ignominious date for the Democratic party. It will always remain a memento of melancholy for them. It is to them what the "*nocte triste*" was to the followers of CORTEZ. Twenty-five years ago on that day the Democracy suffered the greatest defeat in its history both at Gettysburg and at Vicksburg.

SENATOR STANFORD, of California, was asked the other day as to the effect of a free trade policy on the Pacific coast. His reply is worth careful thought by American workingmen:

Labor in China is paid from 3 to 10 cents per day. As a race the Chinese are the most imitative and industrious people on the earth. An enterprising manufacturer could go to China and manufacture American wares on American patterns at prices that would drive American labor out of the market.

HERE is a list of meeting-places of the national conventions of the two great parties for the past 32 years:

| REPUBLICAN. | DEMOCRATIC. |
|---|---|
| 1856, Philadelphia. | 1856, Cincinnati. |
| 1860, Chicago. | 1860, Charleston. |
| 1864, Baltimore. | 1864, Chicago. |
| 1868, Chicago. | 1868, New York. |
| 1872, Philadelphia. | 1872, Cincinnati. |
| 1876, Cincinnati. | 1876, St. Louis. |
| 1880, Chicago. | 1880, Cincinnati. |
| 1884, Chicago. | 1884, Chicago. |
| 1888, Chicago. | 1888, St. Louis. |

THE railway business of this country appears to be getting upon a more solid basis every year. The figures are published for 104 roads, doing nine-tenths of the transportation business of the country, showing net earnings averaging 13 per cent greater than the previous year. The interstate commerce law has been a help instead of a detriment to the railroads.

PORTLAND, Maine, has a queer political combination. The third-party Prohibitionists and the Democrats have fused and nominated NEAL DOW for mayor. We sincerely hope for his election. It will afford him an opportunity to evolve a method of enforcing a law in a locality where public sentiment is against it—for the Rum allies declare that this is the case in Portland.

THE great benefit of the Republican club plan of organization will be found in the fact that it will bring the young and zealous men to the front, and retire some of the older leaders who have lost the enthusiasm and energy of youth.

NOW comes the rumor that the Pensions committee of the House will not report any pension measures at this session, for fear of hurting CLEVELAND'S chances (if renominated) by any additions to his veto record.

MR. CLEVELAND'S attitude as to civil service reform puts him in the position of a finger-board at a cross-roads; he points the way to go, but doesn't go himself.

THE Atlanta *Constitution* is still remarking with vigor: "The infamous internal revenue must go." What does Mr. CLEVELAND think of that?

THE Democratic national convention will be held at St. Louis, on June 5. We think Missouri will go Democratic, anyhow.

## MR. BLAINE'S WITHDRAWAL FINAL.

There is no public man in the United States who is the victim of such malignant opposition, such bigoted judgment, as is JAMES G. BLAINE. He is the greatest living statesman of this nation. Yet he is abused as if he were the veriest blackguard. He can do nothing without having some sly and sinister political motive attributed to him. This was strikingly illustrated by the fact of his writing a letter in answer to the President's free trade message. His enemies shouted, "He has announced himself as a candidate!" and fresh volumes of bitter abuse were heaped on his head. The simple fact of the matter is this: Mr. BLAINE is a zealous Republican, and most anxious for the success of his party and its principles. He saw that the President has placed a powerful weapon in the hands of the Republicans, and was desirous that they should at once avail themselves of it. His letter was for the purpose of bringing out clearly the possibility of victory indicated by the message.

The same stupid lack of comprehension of Mr. BLAINE'S real high character, the same degrading effort to impute to him the methods of the demagogue, followed the publication of his frank and manly letter declining to be a candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination this year. His idiotic foes sat down to the task of finding some loophole in its verbiage through which to throw doubt upon his truth and honesty. The whole pack of cowardly curs started up in fresh cry at his heels, barking vociferously that his language was not explicit enough, and that he did not declare that he would not be a candidate if the convention should nominate him. Carried away by unreasoning prejudice and blind hatred, they could not see that the letter was an open, honest, manly notification that he did not desire to be a candidate for the nomination, and took the only proper method of putting himself out of the way of the party's considering other available men.

To so great an extent has this gone that Mr. BLAINE has submitted to an interview with Mr. T. C. CRAWFORD, of the New York *World*, which certainly should settle the matter. He declares that he forbids the use of his name in the Chicago convention. He says that he went to Europe to get away from politics and to be in a position where his actions could be subject to as little misrepresentation as possible. Several weeks ago he saw that there was a movement in the Republican party of a nature to make it almost certain that he would be renominated, and that it was in order to head off this that he wrote the letter to Mr. JONES.

Regarding the reason for writing the letter at that particular time, Mr. BLAINE is quoted as follows by the interviewer:

Mr. Blaine then said, in speaking of his withdrawal, that he had been urged to more speedy action on account of the candidacy of a number of prominent Republicans. If there had been no other candidates in the field at this juncture he might have delayed it a little. But he wished to leave the field clear for the candidates now in the field. It could not be said that he was deserting the party in any way, as there was now a number of good candidates in the field, and that upon his return home he would devote to the extent of his ability for the success of any candidate nominated by his party. Growing more explicit, he said:

"I hold that I have no right to be a candidate again. A man who has once been the candidate of his party and defeated owes it to his party to withdraw and not be a candidate the second time. More than this; there is another plain reason for my withdrawing. I could not go through the burden and fatigue of another Presidential canvass—such a one as the canvass of the last campaign. To accept a nomination, and to do less than before, would be impossible. It would look as if I had no faith in the success of the party."

Mr. Blaine talked easily and without the slightest feeling. He is out of politics—something that his enemies will find very hard to believe. No one who knows Mr. Blaine can question his sincerity. I saw him nearly every day during the last Presidential campaign and know just how much of a burden he carried then. Since that time he has fully recovered from the exhaustion and its disappointments. He believed, and, perhaps, still believes, that his final defeat was owing to mere accident, but he accepted the result with philosophy from the beginning, and now prefers a life of quiet and study to that of the severest activity of politics.

He has not withdrawn in favor of any one, but leaves the field clear for the party to choose whoever it may deem most available. The interviewer proceeds:

I asked Mr. Blaine the direct question whether he had withdrawn in favor of any particular candidate.

He replied: "I have not. I have expressed no opinion on the subject to any one and do not intend to do so. If I were to make the slightest suggestions in any way it would merely afford people an opportunity of saying that I was desirous of continuing to gain power in politics through indirect means. It would certainly impugn the good faith of my withdrawal."

Mr. Blaine was then asked when it was that he had positively determined to withdraw. He said, that he had made up his mind long ago not to go through another political campaign. His attitude in the spring of 1884 was one of absolute indifference, and even a reluctance. His friends all remember that he then positively refused to lift his finger in any way to personally influence the result.

It personally seems to us that the publication of this interview should be sufficient to silence the miserable crowd of defamers whose only stock in trade is hatred of the Maine statesman—and also to cause his enthusiastic partisans in the Republican ranks to stop their insistence that he must be the candidate, whether he wishes to or not. Mr. BLAINE is out of the field, and his friends should decide as to whom they will support, rather than pursue further the effort to nominate him against his will.

CHAIRMAN MILLS, of the House Ways and Means committee, has all New England laughing at him. In the course of a speech at Providence, Rhode Island, the other day, he made a plea to the stocking manufacturers not to come to Congress asking for protection on seamless stockings, on the ground that they could not be made in this country anyhow, as they are manufactured "by a carefully-guarded secret process, only known to foreigners." The fun comes in with the statement that this so-called foreign secret process is an American invention, copied in Europe, and that 90 per cent. of the seamless stockings sold in the United States are made in this country. The incident only accentuates the stupidity of putting an ignoramus at the head of a committee which is framing a tariff bill.

WHILE the majority against home rule in the British House of Commons is still large—being 100—it is a noteworthy fact that it has fallen off 18 during the year just past. Ireland will yet see the day when tardy justice will be done her. Reason and intelligent sympathy are working among the English people, and slowly overcoming the blind prejudice that has so long existed on this subject.

THE Chicago *Tribune* rests from its labors long enough to reveal the real name of the next Democratic candidate for the Presidency:

ClevelanD.
VoorheEs.
McDoNald.
ReNdall.
Higgins.
St. John.

A DEMOCRATIC paper boasts that CLEVELAND "never changes his mind." Our contemporary forgets that Governor FORAKER caused him to change his mind with amazing suddenness on the matter of the return of the rebel flags.

SENATOR HOAR, of Massachusetts, expresses the view of a very large number of Republicans who believe in making a campaign to win this year when he says:

I think we should not send men to Chicago with labels around their necks marked "Sherman," "Allison," "Hawley."

IT is a good sign for the country that a state of chronic dullness has settled down over Wall street. Business is on a far better basis when it is not at the mercy of speculators and stock sharpers.

A REPUBLICAN national ticket, reading "LINCOLN and HAWLEY," would sweep the country like a prairie fire.

## CLEVELAND'S CHANCES.

The Democratic national convention will meet at St. Louis on June 5 next, to nominate a Presidential ticket. Mr. CLEVELAND expects a renomination then and there; but will he get it?

It has probably not escaped our readers that the withdrawal of Mr. BLAINE from the race has had a great effect upon the question of a candidate in the Democratic party, as well as in his own. The Democrats hoped for Mr BLAINE'S renomination, in the belief that if the contest of 1884 were repeated as to candidates, the result would again be the same. They reasoned that what had been done once could be done again, and looked for the same support that they then received. But with Mr. BLAINE out of the field the great "of course" argument for CLEVELAND'S renomination falls flat.

Th Republican national convention comes first in order of time, and the result of its deliberations will materially affect CLEVELAND'S chances at St. Louis. We believe that the wide range the discussion of candidates is now taking in the Republican ranks is a most hopeful sign. It indicates a tendency to subordinate personal preference to a calculation of availability. We believe that the Republican nominee should be a man (what his name shall be we care little) who can fulfill these three requisites:

1. That he shall be a Republican of clean political record, and a supporter of a tariff so adjusted as to equalize the conditions of industrial production between this country and foreign lands;

2. That there shall be nothing in his official history which will repel any important element that supported the lamented GARFIELD in 1880;

3. That he shall be not only thus satisfactory to the Republicans of the nation, but especially strong in New York, Connecticut, New Jersey and Indiana.

There are men named for the nomination who possess these qualifications. Some are mentioned who do not fill all these conditions. The BLADE deems it unwise to put in nomination any man who is not undoubtedly possessed of all there. With such a candidate, the chances of success are most excellent.

If such a Republican is named at Chicago in June, how stand CLEVELAND'S chances for a renomination at St. Louis next June? It is clear that he can not again receive the support of any disaffected Republican element of 1884—unless the mugwumps be excepted; but their strength is so small as to be of no practical value one way or another. He can receive no support as a civil service reformer, for his course for some time has shown his entire surrender, body and soul, to the spoils Democrats. And as these were the counts on which his nomination was ostensibly urged in 1884, that much ground is cut from under his feet.

He will have the most determined opposition, in the convention, from the tariff Democrats, under Mr. RANDALL'S lead. He will have the opposition of the spoilsmen, for though he is their ally to-day, they remember his contemptuous treatment of their demands after his election, and look upon his present acquiescence as an electioneering dodge; they fear to run the chances of his re-election, in giving him four years of power over appointments, for he cannot again be a candidate, and is liable to again take up civil service reform. They will "rally the boys in the trenches" against GROVER'S aspirations. And, lastly, the free trade message has lost him many Southern Democrats, who are sagacious enough to see that the prosperity of their section depends upon a vast industrial development which is only possible through a retention of the protective system.

CLEVELAND'S chances have certainly declined since Mr. BLAINE'S letter was made public.

## TO AGENTS.

We shall pay an unusually large cash commission to agents who raise clubs for the BLADE this season. In view of the approaching Presidential campaign, agents will find it an easy matter to obtain a considerable number of clubs for the BLADE during the season, and upon the liberal terms we offer, an agency for the BLADE will be worth having. We want *one* active agent at every postoffice. Write us for our *confidential terms to agents.*

W. W. CORCORAN, the millionaire philanthropist, died in Washington at 7:30 a. m. Friday. His start in life was made as a partner of the late GEORGE PEABODY, in the dry goods business. Both became famous for their wealth and benefactions, CORCORAN in this country, and PEABODY in England. The gifts to charitable and philanthropic purposes of Mr. CORCORAN have been enormous in the aggregate, it being estimated that the amount must be in the neighborhood of seven or eight millions. The two most noted of his gifts are the Corcoran art gallery and the Louise Home, both in Washington city. The art gallery building is near the White House, and faces the State, War and Navy buildings. The cost of the building and property was $250,000, pictures and statuary $100,000, and the endowment fund was $800,000; total $1,250,000. The buildings and grounds of the Louise home (erected in memory of Mr. CORCORAN'S only daughter, who died soon after her marriage) cost $200,000, the endowment fund being $250,000. The fund for the support of the home is the income derived from the rental of the Arlington hotel, which was built and dedicated to its support. Every person who patronizes that hotel contributes to the support of the home and its inmates.

HERE is a typical extract from a political Prohibitionist paper:

The new Ohio idea of local option by townships is not very far removed from the old Ohio idea of local option by individuals. Local option by counties is another step forward, but a very short one. Local option by states is a little better, but the settlement of the question will not be reached until national option banishes rum beyond the borders of Uncle Sam's dominion.

Which is to say, the organ from which the above was taken looks with disfavor upon anything tending toward Prohibition, except the building up of a Prohibition party. The BLADE believes in everything that curbs the Rum Power, and looks upon township or county local option as the most feasible means of building up public sentiment in the direction of state Prohibition—and the latter as a step which must be taken at least as many times as the number of states needed to adopt and ratify a Prohibitory amendment to the United States constitution, before the nation can be freed from the curse of Rum.

AFTER it became clear that the majority of the Democratic national committee considered San Francisco too far away for the convention, and that the choice would lie between Chicago and St. Louis, here is the argument that beat Chicago:

If you go to Chicago and any of the delegates succumb to the fascinations of Venus or Bacchus, a Republican policeman will be standing ready to grab you, lock you up for the night and exhibit you in police court next morning.

Should not the country be proud of a party whose representatives select a city for its national gathering because they are promised that drunkenness and licentiousness may be indulged in without fear of legal consequences?

THE Standard Oil monopoly, the greatest of the "trusts," began business some ten or a dozen years ago, with $1,000,000 capital. This sum has now increased to $150,000,000. Last year's profits were $25,000,000.

THE fisheries treaty is a strong illustration of the utter weakness in statesmanship of Secretary of State BAYARD, and his pudgy chief, GROVER.


## IN THE WEEKLY BLADE.

MARCH 8, 1888,

We will begin the publication of a

SERIES OF HYMNS,

Written by the late

D. R. LOCKE.

These hymns, which are full of devotion and all-abiding faith, have never before been published in the BLADE.

One will be published each week until the series is finished, and we are sure they will strike a responsive chord in the heart of every reader.


## SOME TARIFF FACTS.

Two Posers for Free Traders.

J. A. S., of Twin Lakes, Colorado, sends us these two questions which we should be glad if our free trade friends will answer satisfactorily:

If internal revenue and customs receipts were so reduced as to have no surplus, above just sufficient funds to pay the running expenses of the government *economically administered*, as free trade Democrats delight in saying, where would the funds come from to pay the bonds maturing three years hence?

What difference would there be in using the surplus in treasury, in increased just pensions, internal improvements, public buildings, national works of defense, navy, education, &c., in order to increase money circulation, and the free trade Democrats plans of reducing import duties on foreign goods, &c., and leaving the money in the pockets of the people by enabling them to purchase, as claimed, so much cheaper goods, &c?

We have no idea where the free traders expect to get the money to pay the bonds as they mature. Probably they desire to perpetuate the debt and its annual burden of millions of interest. The true policy, it seems to us, is to use the surplus in building a new navy, in coast defenses and in internal improvements until the money is needed to pay the bonds.

### A Query Answered.

"Nebraska Farmer," Edgar, Neb., asks:

Could not sugar, coffee, tea, rice, and many other articles, be obtained for a cheaper price under a free trade policy than by the present protective tariff?

Coffee and tea are on the free list, and pay no duty. We have previously discussed the sugar tariff, and the question of cheapness in this column.

### The Canadian Tariff.

A subscriber at South Haven, Mich., asks:

Has Canada a protective tariff on goods taken from England to Canada, the same as the United States has on goods brought from England here?

Yes. Canada, and all other civilized countries which are ports of the British Empire, have adopted a protective system, with one or two exceptions.

### A Point Well Taken.

P. L. M. sends the following excellent point;

Most Democrats say that if we had entire free trade, we could buy everything, from white oil to peppermint drops, and from a slate pencil to a grindstone, cheaper than now. We might buy things cheaper for a while, until our manufactures were all killed. Then England would raise the price on everything that we would have to buy from her, and we would have to pay higher than we do now.

Quite true. By the way, until free trade is an impossibility, we must raise the money to pay all the expenses of the national government in this way, or by direct tax; and nobody wants the latter, as it would more than double our present taxes.

### A Mistaken Idea.

A subscriber at Mulkeytown, Ill., writes us a letter, the larger portion of which is devoted to the sugar duty. His ideas on this, in the main, agree with the BLADE'S position in previous articles. Then he goes on to say:

Every industry is protected at the expense of the farmer, but the demagogues of the day present the glittering advantages of a home market. Now, Mr. BLADE, if the home market would consume all the beef, pork, corn and wheat, would the home market pay the farmer any more for it than he could get in the Liverpool market? The farmer can never realize any more in a home market than in a foreign market until we become importers instead of exporters.

Were all our agricultural products consumed at home, the farmer would be independent of foreign prices. He has now to pay, in actuality, the freight on his products from here to Europe. He would realize better prices for his products were all consumed at home, as the tariff would keep out the products of foreign farmers. Had there not been such an enormous increase of the farming interest within the past ten years we would to-day consume in this country all that our farmers produce. As it is, we export but ten per cent. of it, and use the remainder at home.

## OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

On the fifth page of this issue we announce ten portraits of eminent people, which we have ourselves published in order to supply our readers with excellent work of art at a moderate price. Every one of these portraits are worthy of a place on the walls of any home, whether that

## WHAT THEY THINK OF GOV. FORAKER

**On the Pacific Coast—A Strong and Just Tribute to His Statesmanship.**

The Ohio friends of Governor Foraker—and every Ohio Republican is his enthusiastic friend and sincere admirer—will be interested in the following, which is clipped from the editorial columns of the San Diego, California, *Union*:

The address of Governor Foraker, of Ohio, upon the occasion of his second inauguration, breathes in every sentence the patriotic spirit, which is so thoroughly characteristic of the man.

If Senator Sherman is the leading statesman of Ohio, Governor Foraker is par excellence the captain of the Republican host. No man knows the people of Ohio better than he, and no one has a warmer place in the popular heart. He knows how to vitalize the statistical dry bones of state administration, and make the field of home politics to bloom and blossom like the rose. He is the ideal political fighter, overcoming his enemies without malice, desiring success for his people's sake, loving his country and his state as a part of that country, winning victories by the excellence of his cause and the skill and gallantry of his leadership.

In his inaugural the Governor reviews in eloquent and fitting words, the history of the Buckeye State, for the century now drawing to a close. He tells the story of its development from a wilderness to a great and prosperous commonwealth, and draws a brilliant picture of its present prosperity and greatness. He dwells exultingly upon its schools and churches, and other evidences of the high character of its people and the stable foundations of its institutions. Turning to the future he speaks with patriotic fervor of the conditions under which this nation may hope to round out another century of progress and greatness. His concluding sentiment is worthy to be studied and heeded by every true American. He says:

Our flag must continue to represent to all, wherever it may be carried, a people who have sense enough and patriotism enough to take care of their country in a business way. We must stop our coal out of our own hills and our ore out of our own mines. We must raise our own wool, have our own factories, furnaces, foundries and machine shops. In so far as God has blessed us with natural resources and ability to use them, we must decline to depend upon others. By their development we must give employment to our labor, inventive genius to our mechanics, home market to our farmers, a domestic commerce to the sections that will bind them together in yet stronger bonds of union and insure peace, contentment, prosperity and independence to the millions of freemen whose happy fortune it is, and will be, now and hereafter, to have this land for their priceless heritage.

## BIG MAIL FROM SHERMAN'S ARMY.

**Post Office Clerks Who Worked Many Extra Hours to Rush It Through.**

"There were busy times in the New York Post office during the war," said an old clerk who used to sling letters on the north letter table, standing by the side of honest old Joe Dunton, one of the faithful pillars of the Allen street Methodist church, who used to talk to the clerks about their souls in the brief waiting spells, and go up into the bell tower during noon hour to pray. "The force was not as large then as now, and the armies in the field had the habit of bunching their correspondence so the letters came all in a heap. If there happened to be a couple of foreign steamers in on the same day, then there was a rush till the tables were cleared."

"Old Colonel Dodd, who tied the bundles, entertained the boys meanwhile with stories of the times when he ferried the great South mail across the Hudson to Jersey City in a row boat. He would then fly from table to table all in a tremble with excitement and Superintendent Clement would take a hand himself at assorting the letters, and the clerks would toil till late in the evening before they left work for the night clerks.

"Some of these army mails were very heavy, but it was all dwarfed mail that came from Sherman's army after it had completed its 'March to the Sea.' Not a letter had been suffered to pass through the lines after the army started on its campaign, and when the mail bags were tumbled on the steamer for New York they had $6,000 letters in them. Postal clerks usually do not pay much attention to a letter except as to its direction, but the boys talked sentiment over these, and doubled their speed to send the missives that bore glad tidings to wives and sweethearts, or to loving old mothers, far away from their boys. The closing time of each outgoing mail was stretched to its utmost limit in order to get in a few more letters to the girls and women that were waiting for news from the camp and field. There was a strange similarity in the handwriting of the directions, indicating that many of the letters had received their superscriptions at headquarters. Tom Clarke, one of the handsomest men ever in the service, and superintendent of the railway service, remarked that he had never before seen a big extra mail distributed without growling, but on the contrary the men seemed eager to send the letters home and proud to bear apart in re-establishing communication between the boys in the army and the anxious ones at home."

## DEPEW AND HILL.

**Chauncey Touches Up David in His Happiest Style.**

After the dinner of the New York Press club to Col. John A. Cockerill, its new president, the chairman announced that Governor Hill preferred to speak to the State of New York after Chauncey Depew had spoken about "The United States," as he had considered the latter more important. Accordingly Mr. Depew arose, amid long and loud cheers, and said:

I suppose that in boulevarsing [laughter] this programme there is something behind the high personal compliment to myself. [Laughter.] I have noticed in the tournament which has been running this winter [laughter], without expense to the press, between Mayor Hewitt and myself that the mayor took the opportunity of his official situation to get in last [laughter] and already I begin to feel the knife of the flayer [laughter] and to suspect that the able and astute governor of this state means to get beneath my cuticle. [Much laughter.] I know it must be something that would compel the governor, after the expenditure of banquets to attend this one [laughter] and to leave the Republican legislature up there unwatched [laughter] while he came down to your feast.

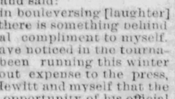
But he has told me that he has arranged that so that no possible harm can come to the administration [laughter] because he lowers and raises the assembly ceiling as he likes, and by holding the architectural string has driven the legislature from Albany for a week. [Laughter.] That may be one of the reasons that he intends to present at the next canvass as a claim upon the popular suffrage. [Laughter.] I would stand here to-night as a defender of the governor. [Laughter.] All these charges that are made in public against him will redound to his credit. When the enemy says that he has musical clocks in the gubernatorial mansion [laughter] a gentleman who has not the family music which keeps the rest of us awake at night [laughter] is entitled to have the state give him that consolation. [Much laughter.]

Nobody but the Press club of New York, no body of men in the United States, no organization could have denuded the political field by calling to its festive board so many leading candidates for the presidency. [Laughter.] Here on the Democratic side, is Governor Hill and Roswell Pettybone Flower, [Laughter], and on the Republican side Gen. Sherman and myself. [Laughter.]

**Greyhounds Racing With a Train.**

"Talk about running dogs," said a drummer, "I saw some up in Michigan that were dandies. Every time I go through Grand Rapids I notice them. A man who lives near the station owns two greyhounds of the same size and color. A plank road runs parallel to the tracks, and the dogs start out with the trains. They incr ase their speed with the engine, and I have seen them keep the pace for four or five miles. The passengers are all on the look out for the races, and if the engineer should miss the dogs he would regard it as a bad sign."—*Buffalo Courier.*


COLD WATCHES FREE



We will give to the First 100 persons telling to the Longest Verse in the Bible, before May 15th, the following valuable premiums. To the first person giving the correct answer a Solid Gold Hunting Case Watch will Solid Gold Chain, worth $275; to the second a Solid Gold Chatelain Watch worth $50; to the third a Solid Silver Hunting Case Watch worth $20; to each of the next 25 a Handsome Silver Nickel Watch (all stem winding and setting); and to each of the next 70 an Elegant Rolled Gold Finger Ring set with ten Turquois, ten Garnets or ten Persian Rubies. With your answer send 25c., (stamps, postal note or silver) for which we will send you our New Illustrated Catalogue for 1888 and THE HOUSEHOLD PILOT, one of the best monthly publications in New England, for six months, which paper will announce the result of the contest. The above liberal offer is made solely to introduce our Catalogue into good homes, where, we feel sure, our goods will find a ready sale. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Tate Art Works, New Haven, Conn.



# Look Here, Friend. Are you Sick?

Do you have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back? Do you feel dull and sleepy? Does your mouth have a bad taste, especially in the morning? Is there a sort of sticky slime collects about the teeth? Is your appetite poor? Is there a feeling like a heavy load on the stomach, sometimes a faint, all-gone sensation at the pit of the stomach, which food does not satisfy?

Are your eyes sunken? Do your hands and feet become cold and feel clammy? Have you a dry cough? Do you expectorate greenish colored matter? Are you hawking and spitting all or part of the time? Do you feel tired all the while? Are you nervous, irritable and gloomy? Do you have evil forebodings? Is there a giddiness, a sort of whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly? Do your bowels become costive? Is your skin dry and hot at times? Is your blood thick and stagnant? Are the whites of your eyes tinged with yellow? Is your urine scanty and high colored? Does it deposit a sediment after standing? Do you frequently spit up your food, sometimes with a sour taste and sometimes with a sweet? Is this frequently attended with palpitation of the heart? Has your vision become impaired? Are there spots before the eyes? Is there a feeling of great prostration and weakness? If you suffer from any of these symptoms, send me your name and I will send you, by mail,

One Bottle of Medicine FREE

Send your address on postal card to-day, as you may not see this notice again.

Address, naming this paper, Prof. HART, 212 E. 9th St., N. Y.


## "THE SATIRIST IN POLITICS."

**A Discriminating Criticism of the Political Writings of D. R. Locke.**

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A sentence of clever satire is worth a chapter of labored argument, especially in politics. A candidate or a faction may be misrepresented, lied about, denounced, and vigorously opposed on reasonable grounds without a great deal of harm done. It is a part of political tactics to say the worst things possible on either side, and honors are generally easy in a campaign of invective and logic. But let the element of ridicule be skillfully introduced, let the man or scheme be made the laughing butt of the public, and the chances of success steadily diminish and the probabilities of defeat proportionately increase as the laugh goes on. Horace Greeley suffered more through the cartoons of Thomas Nast than from all the leaded matter hurled at him by the editorial contingent. The man who makes himself hated may have as many adherents as foes, because men argue from a given fact to widely differing conclusions, and what antagonizes one wins another. Less fortunate is the man who finds himself in a ridiculous plight and at the mercy of the satirist.

It is not often, however, the satirist equal to his occasion; and there are very few instances of writers who were able to move along abreast of their times, alert, quick to perceive, and capable to assault. Occasional satirists there have been in plenty, men who leveled their wit at an especial abused or a particular evil in party affairs, whether of church or state. The Jonathan Swift, the rather tedious and not clever Butler, Addison, Steele, bright names by the score, stand for the authors of drives that served a turn in their time; and in later days, in our country, there have been political arguments by humorous inversion. The "Bigiow Papers" were the best early example, but, enjoyable as they were and are, there is, despite their dialect, too high a literary grade and too abstract a philosophy to stand as the best instance of popular influence.

The great political satirist of this country was the man who died yesterday, known universally as Petroleum V. Nasby. Nasby had a sort of genius—the genius of adaptation. He knew how to address himself to the masses while commanding the attention of the intelligent. The affected vulgarity of style did not interfere with the keen thrust of his adriot, clever mind, but on the contrary, gave force to it. The dry humor running through the letter made them attractive to all sorts of readers, and at the same time he tickled the risibilities he sent in an appeal to the intelligence so skilfully, so cunningly, that one unconsciously associated Nasby with his party, and laughed at it while laughing at him. To thousands of readers the Democrasy of the Confedrit X Roads was typical of the Democracy of the South, not because they misjudged Nasby, but because his satire run so close to truth as to be convincing—that is to say, though Locke exaggerated, he always exaggerated real conditions; he did not trust to entirely fanciful creations.

There is this difference between the humorist and the satirist: the one may indulge in pure invention, the other must pattern fancy after fact. Locke was humorous, but not a humorist. He wrote from an earnest brain and a feeling heart. He cared less to be amusing than to be convincing, and he jingled cap and bells as the readiest way to a hearing that would produce results. Probably no writer was so feared and hated by the Democracy he scored with so many bitter stripes and exposed so mercilessly.

The remarkable series of letters, begun in 1861 and continued, and not really concluded, until death laid hold upon the hand that wrote them, contain a very full and careful survey of the political conditions of the country, and present an arraignment of the Democratic party unexcelled by the most serious arguments of party leaders and writers, and yet every letter is consistent with the idea of a Southern politician frankly confessing the prevailing sentiment of devotion to the interests of No. 1. The points were invariably well made, and went in with a sting. For a time no campaign was thought to be thoroughly under way until the letters from the cross-roads appeared, and then it was carried on with a hurrah among the rank and file that hardly needed the further inspiration of their leader's oratory, nor the sober deductions of the editorial writers. Had Locke been no more than a humorist his influence would have been less general and emphatic. But he put hard sense in as the leaven of his fun, and whoever had read a letter of his that one had picked up a well-digested, thoroughly convincing bit of argument. It was this that gave the Nasby letters such widespread and substantial popularity.

## ROMANTIC HISTORY

**Of the Parentage of Vice President Wilson —A Brother in the City.**

Daily BLADE, February 17 1888.

The telegraphic columns of this paper announced, a few days ago, the death and burial of Winthrop Colbath, a brother of the late Vice President Henry Wilson. It is just learned that there is another brother—Richard—who lives in this city, and is in business on Adams street.

The family had a romantic and interesting history. The mother was the beautiful and accomplished daughter of an English nobleman, who fell in love with and married Colbath, a servant in her father's family. The couple eloped and came to America, followed by the anathemas of the aristocratic Englishman, who was nearly grief to death over what he considered the eternal blight upon the fair and farfamed name which he bore.

The happy pair settled in Niagara county, New York. To them were born three boys —Winthrop, who was recently buried in East Saginaw; and Jerry, the eldest, to whom a Massachusetts gentleman became greatly attached while visiting in the neighborhood, and begged that he might adopt him. The request was granted and Jerry went to Massachusetts and was legally adopted with the name Henry Wilson, and became Vice-President of the United States under Grant.

## A MODEL NEW YORK FAMILY.

Her father is fond of stock broking,
Her mother loves fashion's false smile,
Her brother loves polo and poker,
But her sister is given to style.

But dainty Miss Lucy, the darling,
With eyes so remarkably blue,
Loves nothing so dearly as taffy,
And chocolate caramels new.

## COMING FASHIONS IN LADIES' CLOTH.

**Novelties for the Spring and Suggestions for the Autumn and Winter.**

Berlin Dry Goods Journal.

A partiality for plain cloth for ladies dresses has shown itself for this winter's season, and it is confidently prognosticated that plain cloth will chiefly be taken up by mantle makers for jackets. This is confirmed by the export orders to hand, and other facts conclusively show that the taste of the general public will tend in that direction. For this reason novelties in this class of goods will be well received even if they appear in the month of January. The so called three-quarter cloth in cheaper qualities is to be recommended, while for better grades a heavier material is advisable. It is especially necessary that all goods are made with a soft finish and possess a fine appearance.

As regards colors, the various drab shades, and the greenish shade (cement) are to be recommended for exportation, while for the home markets indigo, blue, slate and cinnamon tones will be favorably received. Last year mixtures of all kinds were produced, but the mantle trade gave the preference to plain colors. These remarks are only applicable to jacket stuffs. The following are a few suggestions for novelties in jacket stuffs, based upon the opinions expressed by American buyers when here, but which can likewise be utilized for the coming winter patterns; reference is particularly made to woven stripes and diagonals. Perpendicular stripes of about half a centimeter in width should be chosen, while diagonal stripes should be manufactured in narrow lines up to one centimeter in width.

Plain cloth, with dull objects, such as peas, half-moons, stars, etc., will be inquired for, and a good business will be done by those who are first in the market with tasteful assortments of that description. Winter Esquimaux with heavy lining will be wanted, plain Esquimaux will be in demand as usual, and good results will probably be obtained from patterns interwoven with silk threads, as, for instance, bronzed with silver gray thread, and so forth. For next winter new designs in matelasses may be confidently recommended, especially when assorted in large grouped circular patterns with dull and glossy finish. It is surmised that worsted and silk mixtures have good prospects for the winter, and also worsted and mohair mixtures with large detached spots and other fancy patterns.

Soft cashmere like stuffs with heavy linings assorted in perpendicular and diagonal stripes will also be easy salable, and plain colored silk plushes and penux de soie of income assorted in large ring and similar designs will be disposed of without difficulty. Small spot designs on silk plushes will not be out of place, and can likewise be applied with advantage to mohair and silk mixtures. At the end of last season a demand sprung up for this class of assortments, but could not be supplied. The above remarks are in no way conclusive as to suitable patterns in ladies' jacket and mantle stuffs for next winter season. They only represent the opinions expressed by leading men in the trade, and we shall refer more minutely to the various articles as the seasons approach.

## FACTS ABOUT COAL.

**The Mischief Wrought by Railroad Manipulators Charged to the Tariff.**

The coals which are mined in this country are of two kinds, namely, anthracite and bituminous. The former is almost the only kind used in this city and in New England, and is mostly, if not entirely, produced in Eastern and Central Pennsylvania, and is absolutely free from import duty. But, notwithstanding that fact, and the equally important one that the anthracite coal fields are near at hand, not only are consumers fearfully scourged by extortionate prices, but almost all the complaints of low wages to and abominable treatment of miners come from the unprotected regions of free trade anthracite coal. On the other hand bituminous coal is protected by an import duty of 75 cents per ton, and although the volume of its production is greater than that of anthracite, very little complaint is heard of extortionate prices to consumers or oppression of the miners thereof.

The following quotations, cut from the *Coal Trade* (official) *Journal*, are both suggestive and instructive:

ANTHRACITE QUOTATIONS AT NEW YORK.

| Qualities. | Broken. | Egg. | Stove. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Free burning white ash | $3 80 | $4 20 | $4 50 |
| Pittston | 4 00 | 4 50 | 5 00 |
| Reading hard white ash | 4 15 | 4 25 | 4 65 |
| Honey Brook, none in hand | 4 15 | 4 15 | 4 25 |
| Plymouth red ash | 3 90 | 4 20 | 4 60 |
| Lykens Valley | 4 75 | 5 40 | 5 40 |
| D. & H. at Weehawken | 3 80 | 4 20 | 4 50 |

As a companion picture, the following quotation is clipped from the same official organ of the same date of the price of bituminous coal at Baltimore, which is about the same distance from the bituminous mines as New York is from the anthracite:

Cumberland at Baltimore.....$2 60

A glance at another column shows in part what causes the great difference between anthracite coal at New York and bituminous at Baltimore is the terrible freights exacted on anthracite at the former place, which the official journal already quoted gives thus:

The new rates from the mines to New York are:

| | |
|---|---|
| From Wyoming region | $2 20 |
| From Lehigh region | 2 10 |
| From Mahanoy region | 2 10 |
| From Schuylkill region | 2 10 |

The Cleveland *Leader*, which is noted for its conservatism, thus accounts for the phenomena:

"The extraordinary price of hard coal, which has been advanced to $7 per ton, has been a subject of comment among all classes of people. By persons well informed on the subject it is asserted that the high prices are due entirely to the action of the corporations who control the mines. The anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania are owned by the Pennsylvania, Delaware & Lackawanna, the Lehigh Valley, and Philadelphia & Reading railroads. A large proportion of the earnings of the roads is derived from the freight on coal, are dividends on watered stock are thus maintained."

Our Ohio contemporary is right, and it is as absurd to charge the mischief wrought by railroad conspirators and manipulators to the tariff, especially where no tariff exists, as to claim that mischief by a cyclone is due to lightning rods, especially when no lightning rods are on the premises.

**Mournful Changes.**

We cannot shut our eyes to the changes which are going on in the state of society in the South. They are disturbing. A Northern man goes down there now, and to be sure the people entertain with marked hospitality perhaps for a week or two, but there was a time when they would get hold of him and keep him with them for a year or two—unless sooner exchanged. We can all remember those halcyon days on the Mississippi river when men got up early and partook of something moist on an empty stomach, so as to get the maximum amount of excitement with the minimum of liquid, and when a man invited another to take something and he refused, the inviter usually drew a derringer on the invitee, and proceeded to construct an aperture through his system. Nowadays the deadly insult is tamely swallowed with the liquor. There was a time in Georgia when if you wanted to wet your whistle you could step into the house of the nearest friend, and not only shut his eyes but turn his back on you when you poured it it out; but last year when a man in Georgia wanted to brace up before he could satisfy the cravings of a suffering stomach he had to go up a dark alley, burglar his way into the back room of an apothecary shop and make an affidavit that he was seized with an acute attack of Asiatic cholera and was rapidly approaching a state of collapse. I do not want to pose as an alarmist, but I tell you the state of society is becoming threatening, and the reputation of the South for hospitality is in imminent danger of shipwreck.—*Gen. Horace Porter at the Southern Society Dinner.*

**Table Etiquette.**

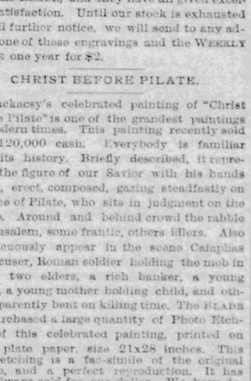
Never smack the lips while eating.
Never pick your teeth at table.
Never propose a conundrum or whisper at table.
Never put your fingers in your mouth.
Never drum with your fingers on the table.
Never put your knife in your mouth.
Never put your elbows on the table.
Never carry fruit or bonbons yway from the table.
Never scrape your plate or tilt it to get the last drop of anything it contains, or wipe it off with a piece of bread.
Never play with your knife and fork or salt cellar, or balance a spoon on your glass.
Never watch the dishes as they are uncovered, nor make any exclamation when their contents are revealed.
Never back your napkin, bib-fashion, under your shirt collar. Unfold it and lay it across your lip.
Never say or do anything at table that is liable to produce disgust.
Never stretch your feet under the table so as to touch the feet of your vis-i-vis.
Never bite fruit. An apple, pear or peach should be peeled.


$300 REWARD For information leading to the discovery of A LOST GIRL.

This sum is offered by the Chicago Herald to the first 50 persons answering the following question: Where in the Bible is the word Girl found? Mention Book, Chap. and Verse. The first person answering this correctly will receive $50 in cash. If more than one correct answer is received the second person will receive $25, the third $20, the fourth $15, the fifth $10, the next 15 $5 each, the next 25 $3 each, and the next 50 $1 each. If you do not get the first award you have 50 chances for one of the others, but your chance is 1 in 50 for the first premium if you send now. TO-DAY! Competitors must send 50c. for which they will receive THE CHIMNEY CORNER six months. It is a handsomely, printed elegantly illustrated 16 Page, 64 Column Family Journal. Each issue opens with original stories, merry-go-rounds, and sparkling wit. In fact a complete family paper and should be in every American home. All replies must be received previous to March 16th when contest closes. Names and addresses of winners will be published in the paper. The above premiums are awarded absolutely free. You receive the full worth of your money in the paper sent. For an outlay of 50 cents you may get $300. Don't wait, Write at once. Stamps accepted same as cash. Address The Chimney Corner, 69 Dearborn St. Chicago, Ill.


## Publishers' Column.

STANDARD ATLAS OF THE WORLD.



We have arranged to club this elegant Rand, McNally & Co. publication with the WEEKLY BLADE. In these days a correct map of every country is more important for family reference than a dictionary. This Atlas, 22x14, contains on a large scale a map of every country in the world. Also engravings and colored diagrams. This Atlas is modern, bound in cloth and gilt; retails at $4.50. We will send the BLADE one year, and atlas, by mail, on receipt of $3.50. For $4.50 we will send atlas and two copies of BLADE one year. For $5.00 we will send atlas and three copies of BLADE one year. To those now taking the BLADE we will mail a copy of the atlas on receipt of $2.50. For a club of ten yearly subscribers and $10 we will mail a copy of the atlas free.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.

The price of this Scale is $5.00, and we offer with THE WEEKLY BLADE one year for $4.25. Useful in any family. Weighs from ½ oz up to 240 lbs.

These scales are sent by express or freight at the expense of the purchaser. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

STEEL ENGRAVING OF BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

We have a few copies left of this elegant $10 steel-plate engraving, which has heretofore been described at length in the BLADE. We have sent out several thousand in connection with the BLADE, and they have all given excellent satisfaction. Until our stock is exhausted or until further notice, we will send to any address one of these engravings and the WEEKLY BLADE one year for $2.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

Munekacsy's celebrated painting of "Christ Before Pilate" is one of the grandest paintings of modern times. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Everybody is familiar with its history. Briefly described, it represents the figure of our Savior with his hands bound, erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on the face of Pilate, who sits in judgment on the throne. Around and behind crowd the rabble of Jerusalem, some frantic, others fillers. Also conspicuously appear in the scene Caiaphas the accuser, Roman soldier holding the mob in check, two elders, a rich banker, a young rowdy, a young mother holding child, and others apparently bent on killing time. The BLADE has purchased a large quantity of Photo Etchings of this celebrated painting, printed on heavy plate paper, size 21x28 inches. This photo etching is a fac-simile of the original picture, and a perfect reproduction. It has been always sold for one dollar. We have determined to sell thousands of them very quickly, and therefore offer them postpaid by mail to our readers at 25 cents each. Address the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published ten different portraits, which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther, John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

EMINENT MEN—Robert Lincoln.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and we certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

| | |
|---|---|
| Any one portrait | $ 25 |
| The five military | 80 |
| The four generals | 85 |
| The entire set of ten | 1 40 |

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

TO TEMPERANCE WORKERS.

Important and Effective Helps—Two Indispensable Documents.

At the request of thousands of Temperance organizations, we have printed and have ready for delivery, the following important documents:

1. **Does Prohibition Prohibit? Being the truthful result of a tour through Maine, by D. R. Locke, Editor of the Blade. An impartial, truthful presentation of the subject, and every line a fact.**
2. **The Effect of Beer upon the Human System, being the testimony of Ten of the Most Eminent Physicians of Toledo, Ohio, as to the effect of Lager Beer, showing how the use of the stuff affects the various organs of the Human body.**

These documents are printed in eight large pages each, and should be circulated every where in the United States. No more telling matter was ever printed, and no more useful help was ever devised in the great work of "Pulverizing the Rum Power."

Prohibition Committees, Temperance organizations, open and secret, should spread them by the million.

We furnish them at cost of printing, posting, and packing, as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| 10,000 lots | $30 00 |
| 1,000 lots | 5 00 |
| 500 lots | 4 00 |
| 100 lots | 1 00 |

Sample dozen, by mail, post-paid, 25 cents. Single copies each, 5 cents.

Order at once and spread the light. If you want your neighbor to know exactly what Prohibition has done for Maine send for the leaflet on that subject, and if you want him to know what Beer is doing for the world send for the other. Both should be circulated by the million.

Address, (enclosing cash,) BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Temperance Cartoons—To Temperance Workers and Organizations.

We have published for as near gratuitous circulation as possible, five striking cartoons, illustrating the working of Rum as opposed to Temperance, of which millions have been sold all over the United States. They are intended to instruct the people through the eye. They are as follows:

**No. 1.—Do you see any good coming out of it?**

**No. 2.—Which way would you have your Boy Go?**

**No. 3.—Which way would you have your Girl Go?**

**No. 4.—In which village would you bring up your Children?**

**No. 5.—This Farmer never drank Whisky. This Farmer drinks all he can get.**

These pictures are the most effective instructors that have ever been published. They contrast the life of the drunkard and sober man, in prosperity, safe and reliable, so simply that he who runs may read, and understand as well. Millions of them have been pasted up in shops, on fences and dead walls where they may be seen of men, and millions more should be.

We have made a price on these cartoons, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage:

| | |
|---|---|
| Three copies of either | 6 cents. |
| Six copies | 10 cents. |
| Twelve copies | 30 cents. |
| One Hundred copies | One dollar. |

This gives no profit, the price covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute wrapping-paper and labor.

Send in your orders immediately, and paste them up where they will do the most good.


100 Blade Sewing Machines GIVEN AWAY.

We are determined this season to pay club agents more liberally for their work than ever before paid by any newspaper. The BLADE is so well known, and so well circulated in every part of the United States, that it is the easiest paper to canvass for. We invite every canvasser to write us for our "Confidential Terms to Agents," which we are now mailing broadcast. Our terms allow the largest cash commission, for very small clubs, ever paid by us or any other dollar weekly newspaper. In addition to our liberal cash commission, we herewith announce that we shall give one of our Blade Sewing Machines to every agent who will, between now and May 15th, send us two hundred yearly subscriptions for the Blade. The plan is simple. We only ask that subscriptions be sent in small clubs at a time—as directed in our "Confidential Terms"—as fast as the names are taken. If on or before May 15th the total number of names sent reach two hundred, we will ship the Sewing Machine. The agent will, therefore, earn nearly $100.00 value for a very small amount of work. This is certainly worth working for, and we expect a large number of agents to enroll themselves in this work. Write us for our "Confidential Terms to Agents," and say that you wish to be enrolled for the Machine competition. In sending clubs, number your names as you send them, from 1 to 200. Please bear in mind that under this proposition we pay agents a very large cash commission, whether they earn a Sewing Machine or not. We offer the Sewing Machines as an inducement to those agents who will continue their canvass during the season, and beyond a single club. Send for specimen copies and go to work at once. Address

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, O.

THE BEST BOOKS For the People.

The following books are of our own publication and give a variety of pleasant reading and valuable information that no family should be without. In making out your order please add 10 cents to cover postage and we prepay postage to your very door. Whether for family reading or presents to your friend or every reader in the second order a copy of each. Order one copy first, to see how much we give for the money, after which you will be sure to order the whole list.

ANDERSONVILLE: A Story of Southern Prisons.

This book by John McElroy, who was 18 months in Andersonville and other southern prisons, has had a sale enjoyed by but very few. It is a record of the author's terrible experience in those hells upon earth, and is written in a style that is absolutely fascinating. It is the only true record of the sufferings endured by our soldiers, in the military prisons. Handsomely bound. We send it by mail for $1.25. A new edition just out. Every soldier and every soldier's son should read this wonderful book.

NASBY IN EXILE

The travels of D. R. Locke in Europe, one of the most entertaining books of travel ever written. Profusely illustrated, 500 pages, original price $4.50. Present price, postpaid by mail, $1.25, or with BLADE one year, $2.50.

OLD DR. CARLIN'S RECIPES

the best book of recipes and the most reliable ever printed. It has always sold for $2.00. Price now postpaid by mail, $1.00, or with BLADE one year, $1.80.

HEALTH and BEAUTY,

by Miss Emily S. Bouton. There is no more valuable book ever written for women and girls. It contains plain and reliable directions for attaining and retaining health and beauty, and is indispensable. Price, $1.00, postpaid by mail, or with BLADE one year, $1.80.

SOCIAL ETIQUETTE,

another book for the young of both sexes, by the same author. All the forms and observances of good society, with the reasons for and the philosophy thereof, are plainly stated. Every young person should have this book, as well as a great many old ones. Price, $1.00, postpaid by mail, or with BLADE one year, $1.80.

BLADE, Toledo, O



UNPREGEDENTED ATTRACTION! Over a Million Distributed.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $300,000

L. S. L.

Louisiana State Lottery Company

Incorporated by the Legislature in 1868, for Educational and Charitable purposes, and its franchise made a part of the present State Constitution, in 1879, by an overwhelming popular vote.

Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place monthly, and the Grand Quarterly Drawings regularly every three months (March, June, September and December.)

*"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Quarterly Drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."*

Commissioners.

*We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.*

J. H. OGLESBY, Pres. Louisiana Nat'l Bank.
PIERRE LANAUX, Pres. State Nat'l Bank.
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bank.
CARL ROHN, Pres. Union National Bank.

GRAND QUARTERLY DRAWING

In the Academy of Music, New Orleans, Tuesday, March 13, 1888.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $300,000.

100,000 Tickets at Twenty Dollars each, Halves, $10; Quarters, $5; Tenths, $2; Twentieths, $1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 PRIZE OF | $300,000 is | $ 300,000 |
| 1 PRIZE OF | 100,000 is | 100,000 |
| 1 PRIZE OF | 50,000 is | 50,000 |
| 1 PRIZE OF | 25,000 is | 25,000 |
| 2 PRIZES OF | 10,000 are | 20,000 |
| 5 PRIZES OF | 5,000 are | 25,000 |
| 25 PRIZES OF | 1,000 are | 25,000 |
| 100 PRIZES OF | 500 are | 50,000 |
| 200 PRIZES OF | 300 are | 60,000 |
| 500 PRIZES OF | 200 are | 100,000 |

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

| | |
|---|---|
| 100 Prizes of $500 approximating to $300,000 Prize are | 50,000 |
| 100 Prizes of $300 approximating to $100,000 Prize are | 30,000 |
| 100 Prizes of $200 approximating to $50,000 Prize are | 20,000 |

TERMINAL PRIZES.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1,000 Prizes of $100 decided by $300,000 Prize are | 100,000 |
| 1,000 Prizes of $100 decided by $100,000 Prize are | 100,000 |
| 3,356 Prizes amounting to | $1,000,000 |

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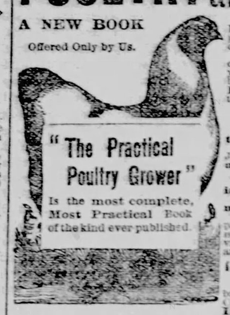

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# The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

## HOME TALKS.

### HINDU CHILD-WIDOWS.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

The story told by Ramabai, of which I spoke last week, concerning the condition of the child-widows of India, is so full of pathos—yes, and of tragedy, that it seems as if every woman in the United States must arouse herself to vigorous effort in their behalf, must do whatsoever lies in her power to help the movement to ameliorate the condition of these young girls, cruelly sacrificed to a custom sanctioned by both religious and civil law. Think of nearly 21,000,000 women of all castes and ages, subjected to a treatment, for no fault of their own, which fills every day of every year of their lives so full of misery as to drive thousands to suicide yearly! Think of nearly 700,000 of these poor creatures under 19 years of age, many of them still younger, when love and tenderness should make their pathway full of sunshine, condemned to a gloom which will not lighten until death gives them a happy release. These were the numbers which the census of 1881 gave, and there can be no fewer to-day.

The women of the United States are fighting a good fight for the elevation of their sex in this country. They are striking ringing blows every hour for equality with men before the law; for equal advantages for higher education; for the scotching of the fiend Intemperance; for the right to independent, self-respecting living, but all of the evils put together which they are warring against, cannot now count more than a drop in the bucket of the Hindu woman's woes, from the time she comes into the world until she passes out of it into another, and, God be thanked, we believe into a happier.

According to the sacred law of this people, a woman's life is divided into three parts—childhood, youth or married life, and widowhood or old age. She comes into the world to be received with disgust and indignation because she is not a boy, and to be regarded even by her mother with sorrow, and perhaps dislike, because she is the innocent cause of the loss of the favor of husband and relatives. Poor little girl baby!

Should a brother chance to die just before or just after her birth, she is punished as the occasion of his death. Beaten, cursed, despised and persecuted, those early years pass away to such an unfortunate, in a misery that is only a little less than what comes after. From the very first, however, all girls are made to feel that they are unwelcome, unbidden guests in the family, though sometimes there may be a brief period of freedom, allowed by an utter indifference to their fate, or by the mother love that asserts itself, in spite of all disappointment, at the fate that gave a daughter instead of a son.

In some parts of India only a certain number of girls are allowed to live. When the father decides that he can support and pay the marriage expenses of no more, then he kills them at birth, or compels the mother—who is bound to obey him in *all* things, even to this—to do the cruel deed. The killing is done in various ways, wild animals being often invited to steal the girl babies left in their way. In 1870 the census showed that 300 children were stolen in one year from the city of Umritzar, and all of them were girls! And this under the very nose of the paternal English Government.

Those who are allowed the boon of life are given in marriage at the earliest possible moment. From five to eleven is the usual age. Then they must be wedded or else their souls are lost forever, as salvation is only possible through their husbands. After the priest has pronounced the sacred texts which bind the couple together, the girl becomes the property, not only of him she has married, but also that of his nearest relatives.

Thus begins the second period of her life. She is now a kind of irresponsible being, without merit or quality of her own, often not allowed to retain even the first name given her by her parents. Condemned to remain always in the women's court of her husband's house, which is ruled over by his mother, the process of breaking her spirit by discipline is commenced. She must never speak aloud, or before the male members of the family. She must work hard all day, with no word of praise from her strange mother-in-law. If she makes mistakes she is scolded, but if her tasks are well done, no word of praise is accorded.

Sometimes the little wife is cruelly beaten by her young husband, who is encouraged to thus subdue her spirit. Happy marriages *are* possible, but even then the wife has not the slightest freedom of thought and action; but having never known anything but bondage, she is generally well content, even though, as a rule, she can eat "only what her lord may please to leave upon his plate." It must be remembered, however, that this happiness is only possible to the wife who is so fortunate as to bear sons to her husband.

I wish I could stop to tell you about the social and religious condition of women generally, of how by the code of Manu she must remain with and revere her husband as a god even "though he be destitute of virtue and seek pleasure elsewhere, or be devoid of good qualities, addicted to evil passion, fond of spirituous liquors or diseased," but I must hasten on to widowhood, that most dreaded period as Ramabai says, in a high-caste woman's life.

It is no wonder that it is dreaded. The death of her husband is regarded as her punishment for some horrible crime, or crimes, committed in a former existence upon earth. If she should chance to be left with sons her condition is not quite so pitiable, because she is the mother of superior beings. If she have only daughters she is treated indifferently, but it is the child-widow or childless young widow upon whom the abuse and hatred of the whole community falls. True, the custom of burning them upon the deceased husband's pyre has been, at last, broken up, but it is a question whether that fate was not to be preferred to the torture of such a life as they are compelled to live. The momentary agony was really nothing compared to their existing in constant suffering.

These young creatures are at once deprived of every thing they like. Their heads are shaved once a fortnight; they must wear a single coarse garment; can only eat one meal in the 24 hours; must never take part in family feasts or jubilees; and always cursed by the husbands' relatives as the cause of their death, and regarded as things of evil to be avoided by everybody. And this for girls just in the first flush of youth, when the world should be so bright! So that the child-widow may not disgrace herself and friends, she is closely confined to the house and forbidden to associate with her woman friends, and even her own family have small sympathy for her sufferings. Then when her life becomes so intolerable that she can no longer endure it, and she seeks to get away, what can become of her? She knows of nothing by which she may earn an honest living. She has nought but the single garment upon her person, and no respectable family will take her even for a servant. There is absolutely nothing left for her save suicide, or a life of infamy.

Poor, wretched young creature! Victimized by those who should love her, and by society! Humiliated everywhere, and made to feel that she is hated by both God and man, and that nowhere is there a place for her where she can be secure from indignity! What wonder that any change even death, is infinitely welcome to her!

Ramabai, after eloquently painting the miseries of her country women, calls upon her sister women of America to help lift them out of their state of misery and degradation. She feels that the high-caste Hindu woman needs to accomplish this, three things—self-reliance, education, and native women teachers. She has no way now to learn the first, because so long as her family can keep her, she is shut up within the four walls of the house. So long as she is so ignorant, she cannot help herself, and by the last census, in nearly one hundred million of women, there were but 200,000 who could either read or write. Think of it!

The effort to make a change must come from "within and work outward to be effectual." Missionary work by foreigners can do in that direction comparatively little. Ramabai's thought is to establish houses where high-caste widows may go, with no fear of being disturbed in their religious faith, and be taught according to their skill and capacity, some kind of work by which they can make an honorable and independent living. Each house should be made a happy home, as well as an instructive institution, for those who seek their opportunities.

Ramabai proposes herself to establish one such school and home as soon as she returns to India, and she asks for help among the men and women of the United States to carry out her plans. The way in which this may be accomplished, besides buying her book, is the forming of Ramabai Circles, and this is being done in many places. All women who desire to join in this noble work, can learn how to do so by writing to the secretary of the association, Miss A. P. Granger, Canandaigua, New York. It is an object worthy of all earnest effort.

### FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

WINDOW CURTAINS.—Some one writes to know how to arrange her windows for the summer. It is a rather hard question to answer, without knowing what kind of a house she has, or whether simple or expensive draperies are desired. However, what will be likely to be of use to the greater number of BLADE readers will be suggested.

Curtains for summer should always be of some thin material. Blinds and shades, one or both, will keep out the sun sufficiently, and cool, soft effects may be given by the drapery. What this shall be depends upon the individual taste, and the depth of the pocketbook. Sheer muslins with polka dots, or sprigs of leaves, in colors, are very pretty. It depends upon the width of the windows whether two lengths or one are used. They should be put upon poles and made to just touch the floor when hanging straight. Quite a popular way is the throw behind the curtain the wider hems, fastening it to the rings straight across, and then gather the end together with a large full bow of broad ribbon. If the material used is very thin, it is allowed to hang loosely; otherwise they may be drawn back at a distance of about three feet from the floor and fastened with ribbons or chains.

Sash curtains of some pretty color are frequently used in addition to long curtains. They are often made of silk, sometimes of some thin material. Small brass rods are fastened to the division between the sashes and one upon the lower part of the frame and the curtains are drawn upon these with small brass rings. Sometimes the lower rod is omitted and the curtains are allowed to hang loose.

Many have about household decoration will be found in the pamphlet "Fancy Work," the last edition of which, is now being sold off for 15 cents a piece. Enclose that sum to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., and get one.—ED.

DESIGNS FOR ENDS OF BOLTING CLOTH THROW—SPRAY OF LILAC.—This pattern consists of one spray of lilac stems and leaves by stamping it a little slanting, allowing the end of the stem to rest in the center of the width of your bolting cloth, the pattern may then be turned over and stamped again, so as to make a double spray. This makes a graceful effect. Brushes Nos. 1, 2 and 5 will be needed, red sable brushes; one bottle pale drying oil and the following colors: Silver white, rose madder, permanent blue, lemon yellow, chrome and zinnaber green in tube oil paints. Mix three shades of green for the leaves. Use equal parts of chrome and zinnaber for the shade, zinnaber and white for another shade, chrome and lemon yellow for another. Before placing the bolting cloth on the finishing board two thicknesses of paper should be placed under the bolting cloth, and over this a light layer of corn starch. Then the bolting cloth should be well stretched and held in place at each corner by artist's thumb tacks.

For the lilac blossoms, make up three shades—one of rose madder, to which a very little permanent blue has been added; one of rose madder, to which a little each of white and blue has been added; one of rose madder and white. Add a very little drying oil to each shade, just enough to make the paint blend smoothly.

A good artist's study of lilacs would be useful to help get the correct shading in this design, or, better still, a spray of natural lilacs. The cost of pattern is 20 cents. Design for other end—medallion head, with decorations of Wigelia blossoms and grasses. Prices of patterns are given for the accommodation of lady readers of this column. Gold bronzing powder with a bottle of the liquid mixing oil will be needed for the rim or circle around head. The brushes used for the other pattern and the paints will do also for this and, with the addition of ivory black burnt sienna and cobalt blue. Place the bolting cloth on the board as described for the other end. The blossoms are a delicate pink. Make this shade by mixing rose madder and white. Shade some petals a little darker than others. With your No. 1 brush make the outlines of the face, head, neck and shoulders, using pure ivory black paint. Paint the hat blue and the hair with burnt sienna, to which lemon yellow has been added. Make it as near a golden brown shade as possible. The face may be left in outline or painted as the ability of the worker suggests. A very little cobalt blue may be used on the eye, and use madder mixed with white on the neck and shoulders. The sprays of grasses and leaves are done in two shades of green, with an occasional touch of burnt sienna. The dots in the center of wigelia blossoms are made with lemon yellow. If the "throw" is lined with a delicate shade of pink satin, the hat had better be painted with Vandyke brown instead of cobalt blue.

Questions in regard to this department answered if accompanied by stamped envelope for reply. A full catalogue and price list of choice stamped patterns adapted to painting or embroidery sent on receipt of six cents postage.—MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON, Winchester, Randolph Co., Ind.

### KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; c l ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

HERRINGBONE LACE.—Very, very pretty. Cast on 35 stitches, and knit twice across plain. 1st row—sl 1—k2—o—n—k 1—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 7—o—n—o—n—k 2—o——o—n—o—n—o—n—k 2; 2d row—k 12—o—n—c—n—k 20; 3d row—sl 1—k 2—o—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 6—o—n—o—n—k 5—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—k 2; 4th row—sl 1—k 2—o—n—k 3—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 5—o—n—o—n—k 4—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 2; 5th row—sl 1—k 2—o—n—k 4—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 4—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 20; 6th row—k 14—o—n—o—n—k 20; 7th row—sl 1—k 2—o—n—k 4—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 4—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 5—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—k 2; 8th row—k 15—o—n—o—n—k 20; 9th row—sl 1—k 2—o—n—k 5—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 3—o—n—o—n—k 6—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 2; 10th row—k 16—o—n—o—n—k 20; 11th row—sl 1—k 2—o—n—k 6—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 7—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—k 2; 12th row—k 17—o—n—o—n—k 20; 13th row—sl 1—k 2—o—n—k 7—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 1—o—n—o—n—k 16; 14th row—k 17—o—n—o—n—k 20; 15th row—sl 1—k 2—o—n—k 3—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 16; 16th row—bind off 6—k 10—o—n—o—n—k 1—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 11; 17th row—sl 1—k 2—o—n—k 16—o—n—o—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—k 2; 18th row—k 12—o—n—o—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 10; 19th row—sl 1—k 2—o—n—k 16—o—n—o—n—k 3—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 2; 20th row—k 13—o—n—o—n—k 3—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 9; 21st row—sl 1—k 2—o—n—k 16—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 4—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 2; 22d row—k 14—o—n—o—n—k 4—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 8; 23d row—sl 1—k 2—o—n—k 16—o—n—o—n—k 5—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 2; 24th row—k 15—o—n—o—n—k 5—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 7; 25th row—sl 1—k 2—o—n—k 16—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 6—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 2; 26th row—k 16—o—n—o—n—k 6—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 6; 27th row—sl 1—k 2—o—n—k 16—o—n—o—n—k 7—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 2; 28th row—k 17—o—n—o—n—k 7—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 5; 29th row—sl 1—k 2—o—n—k 16—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 16, 30th row—k 17—o—n—o—n—k 3—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 4; 31st row—sl 1—k 2—o—n—k 16—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 16; 32d row—bind off 6—k 10—o—n—o—n—k 20. This makes two scollops; have to give that much on account of the herringbone. I hope all the sisters will try it.—MRS. SALLIE A. ANTHONY, Ruthven, Iowa.

#### Terms Used in Crocheting.

An explanation is frequently asked for of the terms used in crocheting. It is impossible to go into the minutia, but the following are those most commonly employed. They have been given before in the BLADE, but are repeated for the benefit of our new subscribers:

Ch.—Chain.

Sc.—Single Crochet. Having a stitch on the needle, put the needle through the work and draw the silk through both the work and the stitch on the needle.

Dc.—Double Crochet. Having a stitch on the needle, put the needle through the work and draw a stitch through, making two on the needle. Take up the silk again and draw it through both these stitches.

Tc. or Tr.—Treble Crochet. Having a stitch on the needle, take up the silk as if for a stitch, put the needle through the work and draw a stitch through, making three on the needle. Take up the silk and draw through only two, then take up again and draw through the two remaining.

Stc. or Str.—Short Treble Crochet. Like treble, except that when the three stitches are on the needle, instead of drawing the silk through two stitches twice, it is drawn through at once at once.

Ltc. or Ltr.—Long Treble Crochet. Like treble, except that the silk is thrown twice over the needle before inserting the work. The stitches are worked off two at a time, as in treble.

*—Indicates a repetition, and is used merely to save words.

P.—Picot is made by working three chain and one single crochet in first stitch of the chain.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

ANOTHER KIND OF MAN.—Some years ago the BLADE came to our home as a loved and honored visitor. Then we girls always sought first the HOUSEHOLD corner, and now that it is coming again we have gone back to the old fashion, and the old nook. I liked the editor's spicy and pointed reply to "D. W. C., the gentleman who seems to think a woman enters the marriage state for the sole purpose of "making some man comfortable."

As the Bible, the highest authority on the subject, defines the marriage relation in its duties and responsibilities to be an equal yoke on the shoulders of both man and woman, it would perhaps be well to ask whether the majority of our young men are not "unfit to become husbands, and incapable of making a woman comfortable?"

It is an open question whether cards, clubs and smoking do not balance bad cooking, as a man's manners and disposition in making wedded life uncomfortable, even if these feminine sins of housekeeping existed to the extent that D. W. C. asserts.

The young woman, however faulty in her household ways, at her entrance into a new and untried home, usually reforms her methods and manners for her husband's sake, whereas he doesn't.

Very many young men have fastened the chains of evil habits on themselves before they took the marriage vow, and the finest-looking, the most perfect housekeeping and tasteful dress, is not so effective to keep them at home as the gaudy glitter and coarse company of a saloon is to draw them from home.

God when he gave to man his last, best, crowning gift in the shape of a woman companion knew what he was about, and if in many instances the sweet and sacred links which bind masculine and feminine hearts together have been rudely broken, it does not usually follow that the man in the case is the innocent and helpless victim.

Let us turn from "D. W. C." and look for a moment at the larger views of the good men. The men, the noble men who are coming more and more to a willingness to acknowledge "sex equality" and to order their lives upon that basis.

In the magazine "Gleanings in Bee Culture" for February 1, is an article which touches the vital points of the question which the editor of the HOUSEHOLD has discussed with "D. W. C."

T. B. Terry, the famous potato grower of Ohio, in an open letter to the Editor gives his opinion not in regard to making potatoes grow—but about what plans to pursue in making a wife comfortable. See how strongly this noble and large hearted man puts the question of equality and in so doing he looms above "D. W. C." and his followers. Mr. Terry says: "At the close of a farmer's institute the other day, where this matter of the wife's share in it been discussed quite fully, a good, motherly-looking old lady came to me and gave her experience in these words: "My husband never really refused me any money that I asked for. But old as I am, if there was any way that I could earn what I want, unbeknown to him, I would do it rather than ask him for it." Now I know this is not "an isolated case." Doubtless this woman voiced the sentiments of thousands of her sisters. To the man, the gentleman, who acknowledges that his wife's labor is just as hard and just as important (to the home making) as his, and that she is his full business partner, and has just as much right to say what shall be done with their joint earnings, and take out as much to use as she pleases, as he has. To such a one I have nothing to say, only that he is one of God's noblemen. Why do not all men feel this way? Simply because a large part of mankind do not yet consider women as their equals. That old curse pronounced on Eve when she sinned has not been quite forgotten. The idea is that they are masters, rulers, the head as well as will settle the husband, clings to them. To be sure, Paul did say, over 1,800 years ago, that the husband was the head of the wife. It wouldn't do for him to get too far ahead of the times in which he lived. Were he preaching in Ohio to-day I should expect very different sentiments from his lips. But even 1,800 years ago, if one takes all he says together, he is but little if any behind the best sentiment of the present day. Just think for a moment of the full meaning of this passage: "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church." With such a love as that, no woman could feel as though she had rather work and earn the money than to ask her husband for it. She would never have a chance, though, to ask for it, as he would always see that she had her full share without asking. Such a love would show a man that his wife and he were full partners, working together for the good of the firm, with equal rights at the pocketbook, and not that one was the lord and master and the other a sort of half slave, obliged to ask for all she got in a begging way. Now, friend Root, I am talking to the farmers almost daily at the institutes on this subject of the wife's first share. Some men cannot stand all I say, and some say it is sound. Down in Jefferson county a good old clergyman said he liked my potato culture better than he did my theology. Again that broad-minded Christian gentleman, Dr. Scott, of our state university, said that he and his wife had always lived on my platform, and that I was safe any way, as I would have all the ladies on my side, and all the best of the men.

Will every married man who reads gleanings think of this matter long and carefully? Hasn't woman been punished long enough for her great sin? Isn't it about time we acknowledge her as our full equal? Would you like to have to ask your wife for every dollar you get, even if she always gave it to you graciously? Can you not manage in some way so she will feel more like a free woman, your partner, and less like a slave? Do not justice and righteousness demand this?"

No careful reader of the "Home" articles in *Gleanings* can doubt that its editor, Mr. Root, is one of those rare husbands who "do love their wives as their own bodies."

But friend Terry's letter seems to have touched a tender and responsive chord in his heart, and he comments thus:

"Friend Terry, I am sure you are in the right of it, and I thank you for the good work you have done me. Along the reading it I went right over home to see what my wife was working at. It was between 7 and 8 o'clock in the evening, and the first indication I had of her whereabouts was hearing the pump. As I came into the kitchen I heard her filling the reservoir. I marched in and told her that, when I was at home, we were going to do up the work together, and then we would sit down together to read, as friend Terry had exhorted us. You ought to have heard her merry laugh, and then when she got the idea that all the men folks who read 'Gleanings' were going to adopt the same plan, (we are, are we not, husbands and fathers?) she laughed again. Of course she thanked me for my good intentions, but said there was not anything I could do. But I had made up my mind, and I am going to show her what I can do; and I wonder how many husbands there are who will undertake the same task?"

Mr. Root coaxed his wife to break away from duties long enough to accompany him to the Ohio State Beekeepers' convention, and he tells us of the result;

"My wife enjoyed it as she has not enjoyed two or three days for many a long year; and when we got home she said that if it were not for the expense she would just like the fun of going with me to every convention I attended. Why, my friends, it is worth everything to achieve such a victory. These hard-working women who have stayed at home so long scarcely dream of what God has in store for them if they would go out into the world and take hold and help in the great affairs of our nation, and our different industrial institutes. Mrs. Root is going out in the world with me more during this new year of 1888, than she ever did before, a kind Father permitting, and my heart bounds now at the very thought of having the companion of my earlier years side by side with me as in those early days. We two have raised a family of children, and they now have grown up so as to take care of themselves pretty well. Why shouldn't we enjoy going about together, as we used to do—yes, even before we were married?"

It takes such royal-hearted men as these to make a wife, mother, sister or daughter truly comfortable, and it is needless to say that with such husbands, fathers, sons and brothers, no true woman will do less than make them comfortable.—LYDIA STRAWN, Ottawa, Ill.

### INQUIRIES.

Can a woman in Kansas own property and deed it away without her husband's signature? Can a mortgage be foreclosed if never put on record—or, in other words, if a mortgage be given and not recorded, and another one be given to another party and recorded, which one will be considered first mortgage, supposing the first to be recorded after the second, in Kansas? What share does a Michigan man hold in his wife's property, in case of her death?—A SUBSCRIBER, Iola, Kas.

Will some member of the HOUSEHOLD tell me of some place or persons to send good reading to—*Christian Herald, Advocate, Youth's Companion*? Will send bundle, if receiver will pay postage or freight.—MRS. E. C. PORTER, Owensdale, Fayette Co., Pa.

Will some one send directions for making a perfume sachet? Would like to heir (by mail) from some one having pansy seed to spare. Will some one write in regard to culture of house plants? I am not successful with them, and do not know why.—Address "VENA," Box 73, Lamar, Mo.

Will the editor or some kind reader of the BLADE please tell me what will stop the hair from falling out, and what will make it grow thicker and faster? Also a sure and quick cure for epilepsy? (If there is any such thing as a cure.)—NEW SUBSCRIBER.

What would clean a crape vail and make it like new? What is good for lice on plants? Mine will not blossom for that reason.—MRS. C. RINDELL.

Will you please ask through the HOUSEHOLD if any of its readers who have saved up old Sabbath school papers are willing to send them to a Sabbath school out west that is not able to buy papers? Address—FANNIE WOODMANSEE, Norton, Norton Co., Kansas.

Will "Ollie Ray" send me a sample of her "wide crochet lace?" I have tried the directions but cannot get it.—MRS. L. W. DOWE, 34 Dennis avenue, Hornellsville, N. Y.

I am a little girl of 11 and live with my parents, brother and sister, in the Blue Mountains of far-off "Oregon." We have a very secluded life, our chief means of enjoyment being our organ. I am beginning to learn to play and there are a few ballads which I should like to have if some of you would be kind enough to send them to me. The ballads I should like to have are these: "Wait 'Till the Clouds Roll By, Jenny," "A Life on the Ocean Wave," "The Golden Slippers," "The Little Mohee."—GRACE FRIZZELL, Wagner P. O., Grant Co., O.

Will some kind sister of the HOUSEHOLD tell me how to finish the sides and ends of a crazy bed scarf, which is 25 inches wide? Also please tell me the meaning of "Half Hardy Perennial," when speaking of flowers.—OAK LEAF, Iowa.

If the person who wants something to cure itch will send me an addressed stamped envelope I will send a *sure* remedy.—MARY L. DRYER, Lowell, LaSalle county, Ills.

Will some of the many readers of the BLADE please send a remedy for taking these brown moles which appear like large freckles off the skin?—READER.

In the HOUSEHOLD tell me how I can find my old friends in Ohio?—MARY MONROE HIBBERT, Blackman, Kansas.

### ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

"Affliction and distress," a cure for scaldhead is advertised in the BLADE every week under the head of Indian Sanative.

M. E. S., the word "volupuk" means world-tongue or world-language.

"A Reader" Lebanon, O., in the calling of the roll by the secretary, married ladies are called MRS., and not Mistress.—ED.

MRS. J. P. Benedict wishes the mistake corrected in her "Handsome Ride Lace," of February 9, in the last of 17th row: Instead of o t—o t—k 1 it should be o t—n—o t—k 1—k 1 would also say that if the party wanting a cure for itch will apply sweet cream and gunpowder, I think she will find relief.—MRS. J. P. BENEDICT, Allison, Mo.

Nannie Thornton wishes names for twin girls. I will send a few which I think are pretty: Pearl and Ruby, Edith and Ethel, Carrie and Cora, Tryphena and Tryphosa, Fay and Fernie, Jezebel and Isabel, Myrtle and Ivy.—FLO. LISSETT.

Will you give me the name of some good, cheap encyclopedia for use in my family?—MRS. W., Pittsburg, Pa.

The Manifold Cyclopedia, now in process of publication by John B. Alden, New York City, is one of the best, and it is also inexpensive. It comes in small volumes at intervals of about a month, each volume costing, according to binding, 50 or 65 cents. It combines dictionary and cyclopedia, and its convenient size for handling will make it very popular. The editor most cordially recommends it to the HOUSEHOLD. —ED.

I have received numerous letters asking about gluten flour, and hyposulphite of soda, with a request from many to answer through the BLADE. Gluten flour is flour with the starch and sugar taken from it, as I understand, and is therefore good for fleshy people, and those who are troubled with diabetes. It is used the same as other flour. It can be bought of any flour dealer and at the same price as any good flour. Hyposulphite of soda can be obtained at the drug stores at a cost of ten cents per pound, and is in crystal form. To use: Take a tablespoonful rounding full, and pour over one pint of water, either cold or warm, when dissolved, bottle for use. Take one tablespoonful before each meal, and the same quantity before retiring. It will regulate the stomach and bowels, and take away the bloat and uncomfortable feeling that so many people complain of. In buying, be sure you get the sulphite, (not sulphate) as there is a difference. I hope this will prove satisfactory to all, as I have tried to answer all questions and make it plain.—MRS. D. RIEGEL, Syracuse, N. Y.

Answer to inquiry in BLADE of January 12: The governor of Florida is E. A. Perry, of Escambia county. A letter directed to Tallahassee, Fla., will reach him.—E. W. DINWIDDIE, Bartow, Fla.

A girl with a good recommendation can get a good home by addressing M. A. B., box 141, Neodesha, Wilson Co., Kan.

Any mother who will send her address to Mrs. C. M. C., Fassette, Pa., will secure by return mail, a sure and speedy cure for itch, free of charge.

### RECIPES.

TO CLEAN CRAPE.—Brush the dust all out of crape; then put the boiler on the stove with a bucket of water in it and let come to a boil; then wrap crape on a broomstick or any round stick and fasten on with small pins; hold it over boiler until thoroughly wet by steam; then let dry (on stick) in air or sun. The crape will look as nice as when new by this process.—A SUBSCRIBER.

ICING, WITH FLOWERS.—It takes three eggs for one cake. Use one at a time. Take the white of an egg, break it in a teacup, stiffen it with pulverized sugar, and beat it thoroughly for five minutes; then put in of tartaric acid what will lay on the point of a case-knife. If your icing seems too hard you have used too much acid. To make it red use analine. For flowers, take writing paper and make tubes, and you can form any kind of flowers you want. Always sift your sugar.

Will some one te l me where I can get seed of the virgin vine?—MRS. L. S., Weldon, Ill.

COOKIES MADE WITHOUT EGGS.—2¼ cupfuls sugar, 1 cupful lard or butter, 1½ cupfuls sour milk, ½ teaspoonful soda, and flavor with lemon. Roll thin and bake in a quick oven.—KATIE DRYER, Lodemia, Ill.

—"Best cure for Coughs and Colds is the old Boston Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam."

# Our Young Folks.

## BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ohrselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| FLUSHING, MICH. | Harry Griffith | Ida Pearce |
| Clarence C Monn | John Hyatt | Lora Pearce |
| SPRUCE HILL, IOWA. | Chas Lipscomb | Lo L Pearce |
| Obed J Thorpe | Emma Eastwood | Grace Harvey |
| Lurendal Thorpe | Minnie Crosson | Myrtle J Fuller |
| Bert Bardwell | Sophia Crosson | Minnie VanTassel |
| Arthur Bardwell | Ida Foley | Minnie Smith |
| Minnie Bardwell | Blothia Cooper | Maud Doane |
| Sarah McGriff | May Cooper | Marion VanTassel |
| Jay Kyes | Pearl Haney | EAST DELHI, N. Y. |
| Clara Kyes | Rasa Marshall | HattieStoutenb'g |
| Berry Kyes | Carrie Robins | Wm W Grant |
| Berry Camp | Lena Atkinson | Sarah E Grant |
| KEYSTONE, ILL. | Agnes Atkinson | Arthur Grant |
| Chas F Lenning | A Musgrave | Lillian Stringer |
| Roy J Lenning | Vay Martin | Freddie Stringer |
| Nora M Lenning | Pearl Winters | Joanna Dexter |
| Mary J Lenning | Edna Winters | Esther Frisbee |
| Alvin Walker | Ollie Stewart | Edith Dill |
| Albert J Lenning | May Atkinson | Josephine Ford |
| Emma Walker | Mary Atkinson | Jennie Ford |
| Edward Walker | Clara Davis | Willie Ford |
| Chas H Foy | Josie Davis | Wm H Ford |
| LA PORTE, IOWA. | James Axtell | Merton Currie |
| May Reynolds | Mary Axtell | John P Loft |
| Mrgaret M D'n'ld | Ollie Winters | Elmer Y Loft |
| Minnie McDonald | Jessie Winters | Wm H Finch |
| Clara McDonald | Emma Kelsall | Emma J Tuttle |
| BARBOURSVILLE, W. VA. | Ida Cabell | Anna Tuttle |
| W C Hershey | Minnie Cabell | WICHITA, KAN. |
| Cecil M Hensley | Ella Patton | C Hershey |
| Ota B Hensley | Effie Duffield | Edgar Humphrey |
| VANDALIA, ILL. | WINDERMERE, MO. | Verne Humphry |
| Matie Clayton | | Vern Humphrey |
| Maud Clayton | Mit'leRichards'n | Ollie Humphrey |
| Lizzie Reese, Jr. | Fan'leRichards'n | DIAMOND BLUFF, WIS. |
| Franklin Babb | NORTH STAR, MO. | C L Hilden |
| Willie McFadden | Fannie Houston | Carrie Hilden |
| Clinton Pidgeon | Henry Mogie | Theodore Hilden |
| Joe Taylor | Ida Sibert | Louis Hilden |
| Freddie Steele | Elliot Dickenson | Alexander Hild'n |
| Alva Kirby | Albert Prunk | Mary Hilden |
| Verna Rhonemus | Frank Crowl | WASHINGTON, O. |
| Callie Bowen | Fred McDowell | Albert E Grubbs |
| Callie Bowen | Annie Oswalt | David Anderson |
| P McFadden | Ida McDowell | Pearl Eagleson |
| Asa Bowen | Ollie A Miles | Willie I Eagleson |
| Chas McFadden | Bert Witter | John Q Eagleson |
| John McFadden | Dean Osmond | Nora Eagleson |
| James West | Luella E Comer | Mamie Eagleson |
| Capi Rhonemus | Ollie J Dickonson | Cora L Eagleson |
| Willis Bunts | Lena Comer | Ralph Eagleson |
| Alva Kingery | Nora B Crowl | Eva Shipman |
| Willie Babb | Minnie Oswalt | Maud Sulpman |
| Harry Bowen | Ida McDowell | Mary Anderson |
| Mat Hagler | Annie Broughton | Eliza I. Scott |
| Myrtle Rhonemus | Freddie Pierce | David Fairchild |
| Jennie McVey | Lafayette Moralin | John Smith |
| Lena Hagler | Bekie Comer | W E Boyd |
| Ollie West | Maudie Winstead | May Boyd |
| Edna Wesr | Bertie Pea | John W Boyd |
| Mary Bunts | Ella Pea | Chas B Boyd |
| Alice Evans | Albert Runnels | Minnie E Boyd |
| Addie Morton | Willie Letton | Willie W Smith |
| Eva Babb | Eugene Runnels | John O Scott |
| Maud Matthews | John M. orain | H T Wharton |
| Larina Norton | Frank Dickinson | BARTLEY, NEB. |
| Ora McFadden | Jessie Letton | Raymond E Betts |
| Martha West | Joe Scott | Tracy C Gossard |
| Ruth Mutgom'ry | Jakie Broughton | Arthur Doyle |
| Nina West | CLYDE, MO. | Fred Bentley |
| Hattie Wilkinson | Ralph Woods | Arthur Beck |
| Josie Mout'm'ry | Ross Woods | Johnnie F Wise |
| Ocie Bernard | Tommy Woods | Charley Stump |
| Alzena B Morris | Minnie Woods | Willie C Scurr |
| Effie Rhonemus | Laura F Comer | Frankie Stump |
| S phr'nia Jarrells | Almira L Comer | Anna Wise |
| Glova Taylor | Arthur J Comer | Lulu Gossard |
| Laura Babb | Clara B Comer | Silvi Bartley |
| Rena Morton | Eddie Woods | Winnie Sexton |
| Emma Bernard | WHEELOCK, PA. | Charlie Catlett |
| Mary J. Jefferson | Ed C Johnson | Albert E Price |
| Daisy Snow | C L Alexander | Grace Curlee |
| Osa Snow | Leslie Raymond | John C Beck |
| ALLIANCE, O. | | |

Names this week, 283. Total 22,390.

The above embraces all names received up to February 23.

## ELIZABETH ZANE.

JOHN S. ADAMS.

This dauntless pioneer maiden's name
Is inscribed in gold on the scroll of Fame;
She was the lassie who knew no fear
When the tomahawk gleamed on the far frontier.

If deeds of daring should win renown,
Let us honor the damsel of Wheeling town,
Who braved the danger with deep disdain
Bright-eyed, buxom Elizabeth Zane.

'Twas more than a hundred years ago;
They were close beset by the dusky foe,
They had spent of powder their scanty store,
And who the gauntlet should run for more?

She sprang to the portal and shouted "I!
'Tis better a girl than a man should die;
My powder will be but the garrison's gain;
Unbar the gate!" said Elizabeth Zane.

The powder was sixty yards away,
Around her the foeman in ambush lay;
As she darted from shelter they gassed with ewo,
Then wildly shouted, "A squaw! a squaw!"

She neither swerved to the left nor right,
Swift as an antelope's was her flight;
Quick it open the door," she cried again.
"For a hope forlorn! 'Tis Elizabeth Zane!"

No time had she to waver or wait,
Back she must go ere it be too late;
She snatched from the table its cloth in haste,
And knotted it deftly about her waist,

Then filled it with powder—never I ween,
Had powder so lovely a burden seen;
Then, scorning the bullets—a deadly rain—
Like a fawn fled Elizabeth Zane.

She gained the fort with her precious freight;
Strong hands unfastened the oaken gate;
Brave men's eyes suffused with tears,
That had there been strangers for many years;

From flint-lock rifles again there sped
'Gainst the skulking redskins a storm of lead,
And the war-whoop sounded that day in vain,
Thanks to the deed of Elizabeth Zane.

Talk not to me of Paul Revere,
A man, on horseback, with naught to fear;
Nor of old John Burns, with his bell-crowned hat—
He'd an army to back him, so what of that?

Here's to the heroine, plump and brown,
Who ran the gauntlet in Wheeling town!
Hers is a record without a stain—
Beautiful, buxom Elizabeth Zane!

—*St. Nicholas.*

For the Young Folks.

## WHAT THE SUN SAW.

BY KATHRINE ORR.

The next morning the sun told me another story. He said:

"Then I went on to the Golden State, which you know is California, and there I saw a different sight.

"In a fine stone house in Los Angelos there lives two boys. Their father is rich. They have two little ponies and a w

# The Farm.

## INFORMATION WANTED.

### Back Injured.

E. H. W., Illinois: Your colt has, we think, in some way injured the tendons of its back. Give the animal a rest for a length of time and apply this along the backbone on the small of the back for the space of about 18 inches: Mercurial ointment, 2 ozs.; camphor, 1 dr.; oil of tar and linseed oil, of each 4 ozs. This will do for several applications.

### Apples—Laying Out Orchards.

J. C. B., Southern Illinois: Apples of best varieties for your locality are: For summer—Early Harvest, Red Astrachan, Carolina, Red June, American Summer Pearmin, Large Yellow Bough. Autumn—Maiden's Blush, Buckingham, Rambo. Winter—Rawle's Janet, Ortley, Yellow Bellflower, Winesap, Ionse Beauty, Newtown Pippin, Jonathan, Bullock's Pippin. To set out an orchard, the trees should be placed about 35x40 feet apart. Prof. Maynard in his little work on practical fruit growing says to take a long wire, stretch it along two opposite sides, and drive stakes at the marks upon it. Then stretch it from the opposite stakes, putting stakes at every mark. This will put all the trees in line.

### Sprained.

S. N. F., North Liberty, Ind.: We suppose the flexor muscle of your horse has had a quick wrench, hence the lameness. We cannot see how a sudden cure can be expected. It will require a little time to bring him around. The part must have rest, not entire rest to the animal, as gentle and regular use is necessary. Hard pulling is ruinous, as it may result in sweeny. Bathe the parts affected with spirits of camphor one ounce; vinegar, four ounces; water, one pint. After the fever is out, apply oleate of mercury all along the tendon. Any druggist will make it for you, or tell you how to do it. It is made by heating oleic acid with red precipitate. It is very penetrating, and one of the very best things known for a case such as you describe.

### String Halt.

H. V. A., San Diego county, California: There is no known cure for string-halt. It will very likely grow worse as the animal grows in age.

### Bronchial Tubes Affected.

R. C., Castle Creek, Idaho: The bronchial tbbes of your horse are affected to some extent. Put a mustard plaster along the throat down to the breast; then give this twice a day for a week: Solution of potash, one drachm; linseed oil, two ounces; molasses, one ounce. Give in a pint of soft water. Put some pine tree tar in the bottom of the drinking-pail, stir just sufficient when water is poured in to give it a slight taste of tar.

### German Millet.

E. A. S., Somerset County, Md.: For hay, sow German millet May 1 to August 1. For grain, sow not later than June 20.

### Lice.

H. C. D., Illinois: Anything used to rid horses of lice must be repeated. Take of powdered staves acre seed, 2 ounces; water, 1 quart. Boil for 20 minutes. Curry the horse well, wash him with soap and water, sponge him off, and blanket until dry, then wash the animal with the above. Repeat after a week's time. Sprinkle the stall thoroughly with carbolic acid, 1 ounce; water, 1 gallon. First clean all the old bedding out of the stall and burn it, or remove it entirely away. Scotch snuff properly applied will generally kill lice.

### Retention of Urine.

Kansas Subscriber: This will help your horse in staling: Powdered camphor, two drachms; saltpeter half an ounce. Mix into a ball.

### Nothing Wrong.

A. M., New Brighton, Pennsylvania: We are of the opinion that there is nothing wrong with your mare, that is with food. Give her gentle exercise and good wholesome food, and she will come out all right.

### Cannot Tell.

C. B. A., Tonlumne county, Cal.: We cannot say certainly what was the matter with your mules. They may have been poisoned by something they ate in the hay. Some of the symptoms, as you describe, were those of meningitis, which at times takes a violent form. In this the hindquarters turn cold. The disease is generally epidemic, and confined to the cold months of the year. It is attributed in most cases to blood poison floating in the air. The treatment is 2 to 3 drachms of extract of belladonna, and 1 ounce powdered ergot. Mix into a ball and thrown and give three times a day. Full doses of whisky at times leads to recovery. This disease was quite prevalent in New York and Boston some years ago. A dose of saltpetre is one-half to one ounce.

### Warbles.

READER:—The worms or warbles in the skin of cattle are the result of the ox gadfly. It deposits its eggs in the skin, and the warble or gub from the egg is found in the winter and spring. They may be squeezed out with the two thumbs, or if the orifice is not sufficiently large it may be opened a little with a knife, when they may be easily pushed out. These flies may be prevented from depositing their eggs by washing the flanks and other parts of the animal where the fly lays eggs, with a strong decoction of the bark of elder.

### Cabbage Maggot.

S. L. B., Jackson county, Kansas: If you mean the cabbage maggot. After your cabbage has been out for three weeks, remove some of the dirt from around the stem and scatter a little lime around it. Then replace the dirt that was removed.

### Quitter.

A. B., Malvern, Arkansas: We think your mare is suffering from quitter. Examine her foot carefully for corns. If found remove them. Poultice the part for 48 hours with linseed meal or bran. Then wash well, and probe the part. We think you will find pipes running downward. Inject daily with sulphate of zinc, one drachm; water, one pint. If this does not cure, use two drachms of chloride of zinc to a pint of water. The corrosive liniment your neighbor recommended is an excellent thing. It is made as follows: Turpentine, one ounce; sublimate, one ounce; gum camphor, one ounce. Shake well, and let stand 24 hours. Must be kept in glass or earthen vessel. The corrosive sublimate must be well powdered. A horse as old as yours should not be fed so much on whole corn. Find a variety, and of a kind that is easily masticated.

### Megrims.

W. J. P. Redwood Fall, Minn.: Your horse has what is known as megrims. It results from badly fitting collars, constipation, worms, etc. If fat, he must be reduced in flesh. Prof. Gamgee's remedy is: Sulphate of zinc, half a drachm; linseed meal, one ounce. Make into a ball and give twice daily. If you find the horse has worms, he must have medicine for them.

### Worms.

D. B. W., Marysville, Kas.: To rid your horses of worms use this: Tartar emetic, three-fourths of a drachm. Make into a ball with linseed meal. Give one every morning for week on empty stomach. Then follow with a purge of powdered aloes, two and a half drachms; bicarbonate of soda, one ounce. Stumbling is an infirmity. Punishment for doing it will increase the trouble. A young horse may grow out of it if kindly treated, and a stern rein is kept upon him. If a young animal is struck when he stumbles he gets nervous, and in trying to prevent the fault is sure to do it again.

### Grading of Corn.

How is corn graded in the Chicago and and Peoria markets? How is it weighed and inspected? Tell me all you can of the way the markets are conducted.—W. H. EVERITT, Falconers, N. Y. [Corn is graded in accordance with color and quality, namely:

At Chicago—Nos. 1, 2 and 3 yellow; Nos. 1, 2 and 3 white; Nos. 1, 2 and 3.

At Peoria—Choice white corn, white corn, No. 2 white, low mixed, choice yellow, yellow, high mixed, No. 2 mixed, No. 3 mixed, kiln-dried, rejected, and no grade.

In the state of Illinois, all grain is weighed on elevator scales. It is inspected in the car and then elevated into elevators, among other grain of like quality. The governor, under a state law, appoints a chief inspector who appoints deputies to do the inspection under him.

In Ohio the chief inspectors are selected by the boards of trade or Produce Exchanges. These inspectors select their own deputies.

The trading in all the exchanges is done through the members, who receive a stated sum for buying or selling. The business is done in two ways. The one is done on what is designated as the call board. A caller names a certain kind of grain which is knocked off to the highest bidder. The other is when the members meet and sell and buy. If a member has an order from some one to sell, he does so to another member who has an order to buy. The price to be received or paid at most times accompanies the order. Of course a member may purchase or sell on his own account.—ED.]

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### Cultivation of Corn in Dry Seasons.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Having noticed recently an article in the BLADE FARM, by C. C. Young, of Ohio, upon the late cultivation of corn in dry seasons, I wish to say a few words upon that subject.

Living as I do in Kansas, the land of drouths and hot winds, I have had ample opportunity for experimenting along this line; and while I do not doubt any statement in regard to corn in Ohio, yet I do say that in this part of the country late cultivation, in dry weather, has been proved to be injurious.

The reason for this is, that when ground is cultivated, in dry weather, and fresh earth brought to the surface, the moisture is soon absorbed by the hot, dry air; and if this is repeated, and no rain follows the cultivation the corn will wither much sooner than that not so often plowed; and it may be easily noticed by going through a field in very dry hot weather, which kind of cultivation causes the corn to wither and die.

Of course, it a good rain follows the last plowing of the corn so as to settle the dirt around the roots the above will not hold true, for Kansas soil, on account of its extreme looseness, seldom bakes, and holds moisture best when not too frently stirred.

My experience and that of others here, is therefore, this: Cultivate the corn as much as possible while it is small, and keep it clean from all weeds, and if the season is wet, continue to do so; but if there are indications of dry weather with little or no rain, stop plowing the corn about the time it begins to tassel, or if very dry, sooner.—A SUBSCRIBER, Harlan, Kas.

### A Fistfull of Good Items.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—When the bugs bother your vines and other garden stuff next spring, sprinkle dry plaster of Paris over them.

Use strong copperas water for warts.

Acute colic is often caused in horses by the tangling of the smaller intestines. A cupful of cold water turned in the horse's ear will cause him to shake himself and relieve him when medicine will fail.

Break your colts while suckling. I take my colts at six weeks old, halter them, and when they try to get away, throw the halter over their back, pull up on it, and throw them to the ground. After tumbling them around until they do not try to get away, I take the tie strap off and leave the halter on. Three or four lessons, putting them when they give up, will subject them for life, and at a time when any one is strong enough to handle them.

Use Fraser's grease for barb wire cuts.

To Kansas farmers I would recommend that they put buffalo thistles around their apple trees to keep off rabbits.

Now tell that other mossback who was not going to write any more if we did not to chip in again.—D. L. B. [He has chipped in. So that to be up with him, you must come again.—ED.]

### Corn in Dry Weather.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I will give you my experience in cultivating corn in dry weather, which may be of interest to the many readers of the BLADE, although I am not as extensive a farmer as many others of my fellow friends. I endeavor to make the best crop possible. When it is very dry, as it has been here for the last two years, I keep the ground stirred as much as possible, and by constantly stirring the ground, it becomes moist and affords nutriment to the corn or any vegetation that I have planted. Last summer I had 9 acres of corn and 12 acres of millet planted, besides other garden vegetables, which did reasonably well considering the drouth. My corn was of the third planting. It was planted on the first and second days of June, and I kept stirring the ground as much as possible until the corn and vegetables were so large that I had to abandon the cultivation, and my corn made 35 bushels per acre, by stirring the ground. If the ground it became so moist that the dirt would stick to the plow, as it does just after a rain, and it astonished my neighbors to see how my corn grew and matured; and a better time for killing weeds cannot be had than in dry weather. I shall improve the time in the future as in the past to cultivate my corn in dry weather all that I possibly can, for I find that it pays to do so. Ground that is not stirred becomes very dry and hard, and neither corn nor anything else so neglected can grow, for the life of the ground is apparently dead, and constant cultivation appears to give it a new life.—SUBSCRIBER, Burlington, Ia.

### Hog Cholera — Dressing Hogs — Worms — Horses Out of Condition.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—As you invite the farmers to write to the BLADE FARM, I will try my hand. I have been using a remedy for hog cholera that has proved good as far as tried. It is chloride of lime, 1 lb to a bushel of corn, shelled; dissolve the lime in water; pour over the corn; add enough water to cover the corn; soak for 12 hours. This is enough for 75 or 80 hogs at one time. Give once a day for 2 or 3 feeds; then as is needed.

Tell R. W., Minneapolis, Minn., to shoot his hogs and stick them then put them in a tub of water hot enough to scald his hands. Pull out, scrape the hair off, hang up, take out the entrails, cut up, and when cool salt.

H. B. T. C., Barn Lake, Michigan, will give this information: A teaspoonful of pulverized rosin twice a week for one week, then once a week for two week, and feed her threshed oats and good hay (no corn at all) the worms will disappear in a short time. I rid a fine span of young horses of them in that way, and they had them badly, in a short time they were fat and sleek.

If "Subscriber" will feed his horse three parts oats and one part bran, giving two ounces of glauber salts twice a week in feed and add a teaspoonful of pulverized rosin for a few times, he will soon see a change in him. Give a small feed with the salts and keep all other feed away until it is eaten. Let corn alone. It is not good for a horse that is out of condition.

I have a home made incubator that I made myself. Since we learned how to regulate it we can hatch 90 per cent of the fertile eggs, but running an incubator is a trade that has to be learned, but is easy enough after you know how. I would rather raise chicks that way as they are not troubled with lice.—J. A. FINLEY, Auburn, Mo.

### On the Free List.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I notice in one of my bee journals, that the department of Agriculture at Washington, has placed the seed of the Chapman honey plant upon its free list, and that all bee-keepers, and others desiring the seed can procure it free by writing to Hon. Norman J. Coleman, commissioner of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.; or if they desire a larger quantity than is furnished by the department, undoubtedly they can get it by requesting their representative in Congress to send it to them. No doubt there are many of your readers that keep a few colonies of bees that do not take a bee journal, to whom this information will be valuable. The plant is not a noxious weed and is a wonderful honey producer. I had a plant last year that had 21 heads on it, each nearly as large as a hen's egg, and each head had hundreds of tiny blossoms on, and from three to over a dozen bees could be seen on a head at a time, from morning till night.

I believe a few plants in the flower garden would add to its beauty. It is a native of central France, I believe, and does not blossom till the second year. It is perfectly hardy. Its botanical name is Echinops Spherocephalus.—A. B. MASON, president North American Bee Keepers society, Auburndale, O.

### Egg Eaters—Roosters and Hens.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—"A. D. W.," Franklin, Ind.:—If your hens do not exercise sufficiently, they will lay soft shell eggs, and when they are broken in the nests the hens eat them and soon learn to eat every egg they can find. I have broken two flocks of this vice by making the laying house so dark that none but the laying hens will stay in it. In the morning I feed all the mixed food they would eat, and then secreted myself in a dark corner, scattering two or three eggs over the floor. When the hens come in the egg-eaters at once attack the eggs. The next moment they are seized and cooped by themselves to be killed, for a hen thoroughly addicted to this trick can never be cured, but will soon teach the others. Many hens will pick and scratch the eggs around without breaking them. I think it is a good plan to have the nests high and dark. If "A. D. W.'s" hens all like eggs he may as well sell them all. I have five roosters with 85 hens, and should like to know if the eggs will be fertile, or shall I get more males? —SUBSCRIBER, Broken Bow, Neb. [You should have one cock for every ten hens to be certain of fertility and vigorous chicks.—ED.]

### Potato Bugs.

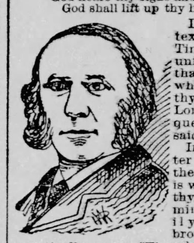
EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Myron D. Weaver, Leaf River, asks in BLADE, if any one can advance any new ideas on the potato bug question. I do not know if my plan is new or not, but I do know it is a perfect success. As soon as the bugs make their appearance I take some air-slacked lime and put it in an old grass sack, (a coffee sack will do), and in the morning before the dew goes off or just after a rain, I shake my lime over each hill until the plants become as white as snow. I repeat this as often as the bugs come. It thoroughly beats the bugs, and is a benefit to the vines. If the Editor desires it, I will tell in a future article how I manage my horses feet in regard to shoeing.—W. A. WHITE, London County, Tennessee.—[Yes, let us hear from you.—ED.]

# REV. DR. TALMAGE ON HEREDITY.

## The Eighth Sermon of His Series for Women—A Grandmother's Influence on Coming Generations.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 26.—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., preached in the Brooklyn Tabernacle to-day the eighth of his series of "Sermons to the Women of America, with Important Hints to Men." His subject was, "The Grandmother and Her Grandchildren." A vast congregation was present. The opening hymn begins:

Give to the wind thy fears,
Hope and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.



Dr. Talmage's text was from II Timothy, i, 5: "The unfeigned faith that is in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois." The eloquent preacher said:

In this love letter which Paul, the old minister, is writing to Timothy, the young minister, the family records brought out. Paul practically says: "Timothy, what a good grandmother you had! You ought to be better than most folks, because not only was your mother good, but your grandmother. Two preceding generations of piety ought to give you a mighty push in the right direction." The fact was that Timothy needed encouragement. He was in poor health, having a weak stomach, and was dyspeptic, and Paul prescribed for him a tonic, "a little wine for thy stomach's sake"—not much wine, but a little, and only as a medicine. If the wine then had been as much adulterated with logwood and strychnine as our modern wines, he would not have prescribed any.

But Timothy, not strong physically, is encouraged spiritually by the recital of grandmotherly excellence, Paul hinting to him as I hint this day to you, that God sometimes gathers up, as in a reservoir away back of the active generations of to-day, a godly influence, and then in response to prayer lets the power down upon children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren. The world is woefully in want of a table of statistics in regard to what is the protractedness and immensity of influence of one good woman in the church and world. We have accounts of how much evil has been wrought by Margaret, the mother of criminals, who lived near a hundred years ago, and of how many hundreds of criminals her descendants furnished for the penitentiary and the gallows, and how many hundreds of thousands of dollars they cost this country in their arraignment and prison support, as well as in the property they burglarized or destroyed. But will not some one come out with brain comprehensive enough, and heart warm enough, and pen keen enough to give us the facts in regard to some good woman of a hundred years ago, and let us know how many Christian men and women and reformers and useful people have been found among her descendants, and how many asylums and colleges and churches they built, and how many millions of dollars they contributed for humanitarian and Christian purposes?

The good women whose tombstones were planted in the Eighteenth century are more alive for good in the Nineteenth century than they were before, as the good women of this Nineteenth century will be more alive for good in the Twentieth century than now. Mark you, I have no idea that the grandmothers were any better than their grand-daughters. You cannot get very old people to talk much about how things were when they were boys and girls. They have a reticence and a non-committalism which makes me think they feel themselves to be the custodians of the reputation of their early comrades. While our dear old folks are rehearsing the follies of the present, if you put them on the witness stand and cross-examine them as to how things were seventy years ago the silence becomes oppressive.

A celebrated Frenchman by the name of Volney visited this country in 1796, and he says of woman's diet in those times: "If a premium was offered for a regimen most destructive to health, none could be devised more efficacious for these ends than that in use among these people." That eclipses our lobster salad at midnight. Everybody talks about the dissipations of modern society and the consequent womanly health goes under it, but it was worse a hundred years ago, for the chaplain of a French regiment in our revolutionary war wrote in 1782, in his book of American women, saying: "They are tall and well proportioned their features are generally regular, their complexions are generally fair and without color." 200 years of age the women have no longer the freshness of youth At 30 or 40 they are decrepit." In 1812 a foreign consul wrote a book entitled "A Sketch of the United States at the Commencement of the Present Century," and he says of the women of those times: "At the age of 30 all their charms have disappeared." One glance at the portraits of the women of the period gives ago and their style of dress makes us wonder how they ever got their breath. All this makes me think that the express rail train is no more an improvement on the old canal boat, or the telegraph no more an improvement on the old-time saddle-bags, than the women of our day are an improvement on the women of the last century.

But still, notwithstanding that those times were so much worse than ours, there was a glorious race of godly women, 70 and 100 years ago, who held the world back from sin and lifted it toward virtue, and without their exalted and sanctified influence before this the last good influence would have perished from the earth. Indeed, all over this land there are seated to-day—not so much in churches, for most of them are too feeble to come—a great many aged grandmothers. They sometimes feel that the world has gone past them, and they have an idea they are of little account. Their head sometimes gets aching from the racket of the grandchildren down stairs or in the nextroom. They steady themselves by the banisters as they go up and down the stairs, for they get a cold in the feet to them longer than it used to. They cannot bear to have the grandchildren punished, even when they deserve it, and have so relaxed their ideas of family discipline that they would spoil all the youngsters of the household by too great leniency. These old folks are the resort when great trouble comes, and there is a calming and soothing power in the touch of an aged hand that is almost supernatural. They feel they are almost through with the journey of life and read the old book more than they used to, hardly knowing which most they enjoy, the Old Testament or the New, and often stop and dwell tearfully over the family record half way between. We hail them to-day whether in the house of God or at the homestead. Blessed is that household that has in it a Grandmother Lois. Where she is angels are hovering round and God is in the room. May her last days be like those lovely autumnal days that we call Indian summer.

I never knew the joy of having a grandmother; that is the disadvantage of being the youngest child of the family. The elder members only have that benediction. But though she went up out of this life before I began it, I have heard of her faith in God, and brought all her children into the kingdom and two of them into the ministry, and then brought all her grandchildren into the kingdom, myself the last and least worthy. It is not time that you and I do two things, swing open a picture gallery of the wrinkled faces and stooped shoulders of the past, and call down from their heavenly thrones the godly grandmothers, to give them our thanks, and then persuade the mothers of to-day that they are living for all time, and that clear upon the page of births and marriages, and tell me who that woman was with the old-fashioned name of Jemima or Betsey or Mehitabel. Ah, there she is, the old grandmother or great-grandmother, who had enough religion to saturate a century.

There she is, the dear old soul, Grandmother Lois. In our beautiful Greenwood—may we all sleep there when our work is done, for when I get up in the resurrection morning I want my congregation all about me—in Greenwood there is the resting place of George W. Bethune, once a minister of Brooklyn Heights, his name never spoken among intelligent Americans without suggesting two things—eloquence and evangelism. In the same tomb sleeps his grandmother, Isabella Graham, who was the chief inspiration of his ministry. You are not surprised at the poetry and pathos and pulpit power of the grandson when you read of the faith and devotion of his wonderful ancestress. When you read this letter, in which she poured out her widowed soul in longings for a son's salvation, you will not wonder that succeeding generations have been blessed:

NEW YORK, May 20, 1791.—This day my only son left me in bitter wringings of heart; he is again launched on the ocean, God's ocean. The Lord saved him on Shipwreck, brought him to my home, and allowed me once more to indulge my affections over him. He has been with me but a short time, and ill have I improved it; he is gone from my sight, and my heart bursts with tumultuous grief. Lord have mercy on the widow's son, "the only son of his mother."

I ask nothing in all this world for him; I repeat my petition, save his soul alive, give him salvation from sin; from sin, the greatest of all woes that distresses me; it is not the hardships he must undergo; it is not the dread of never seeing him more in this world; it is because I cannot discern the fulfilment of the promise for him. I cannot discern the new birth nor its fruit, but every symptom of captivity to Satan, the world and self will. This, this, is what distresses me; and in connection with this his being shut out from ordinances at a distance from Christians; shut up with those who forget God, profane his name and break his Sabbaths; men who often live and die like beasts, yet are accountable creatures, who must answer for every moment of time, and every word, thought and action. O Lord, many wonders hast thou shown me; thy ways of dealing with me and mine have not been common ones; add this wonder to the rest. Call convert, regenerate and establish a sailor in the faith. For all things are possible with thee; glorify thy Son and extend his kingdom by sea and land; take the prey from the strong. I roll him over upon thee; cast him not off, comfort me; cherish

## WASHINGTON NEWS.

### THE DEMOCRATIC COMMITTEE.

**They Select a City and Change the Date of Meeting.**

WASHINGTON, Feb. 22.—(Special.)—The National Democratic committee met in Willard's hall, in this city, at noon, for the purpose of selecting a time and place for the holding of the next Democratic convention. Ex-Senator, William H. Barnum, presided, and F. O. Prince acted as secretary.

There was a full attendance of delegates, the only vacancy being in the membership from the State of New York. After a brief discussion William Steinway was elected to fill the vacancy.

Mr. Scott read a long speech in which he pointed out the advantages which would accrue to the Democratic party from the holding of an early convention, and was followed by Senator Pascoe, of Florida, who urged that the day for the meeting should be fixed at a date later than that selected by the Republicans.

The committee finally selected the 3d of July as the date for the holding of the convention, the vote being 28 for that date and 20 against it.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.—The National Democratic committee met this morning at 10 o'clock in secret session to continue the balloting for the selection of a city in which the Democratic convention will be held.

Mr. Scott moved that the pending business be suspended so that a motion might be made to reconsider the vote by which the 3d of July was decided upon as the date for holding the convention. This was lost by a vote of 23 to 24; but another effort to change the date will be made.

Ten ballots were taken yesterday, about equally divided between San Francisco, Chicago and St. Louis. This morning the first ballot resulted, San Francisco, 17; Chicago, 16; St. Louis, 13; Cincinnati, 1.

ST. LOUIS THE PLACE.

After the first ballot there was a recess of 10 minutes. Another ballot was then taken, but before the result was announced Mr. Walsh, of Georgia, rose in his place and stated that he had thus far voted constantly for San Francisco, but as he was satisfied that that city would not be selected he would change his vote to St. Louis. Other changes followed and St. Louis was chosen, unanimously.

JUNE 5 THE DATE.

Mr. Scott, of Pennsylvania, moved a reconsideration of the resolution naming July 3, as the date for the convention. This was agreed to and on motion of Ex-Senator McDonald, June 5, was fixed upon as the date.

### IT'S OUR TURN NOW.

**Comments of the American Press on the Published Treaty.**

NEW YORK, Feb. 22.—In regard to the fisheries treaty the *Tribune* says: "The state department's diplomatic triumph is a double one, a settlement and a compromise. The full text of the fisheries treaty enables us to understand why Secretary Bayard considers the hollow truce arranged by him a decisive triumph. He has never approached this subject from the American point of view. He has dealt with it as an international quarrel caused by ambiguous constructions of an antiquated treaty and by complex and ill-defined fishery rights.

"He has regarded it solely as a technical controversy, which could be settled by new and more careful definitions of those rights, and by more elastic constructions of the disputed clauses of the treaty of 1818.

"He has negotiated a convention on this basis, defining the three-mile limit, compromising the headlands question and designating certain commercial privileges in addition to the right conferred upon American fishermen 70 years ago, to obtain 'shelter, repairs, wood and water' in Canadian harbors.

"From his own point of view he has succeeded fairly well in adjusting these technical questions; but even if he has done this, he has failed to vindicate the honor of the nation by defending the rights of citizens engaged in a lawful calling.

"He has failed to do this because he has never perceived that the honor of the nation had been compromised by the outrages on the Canadian seaboard. He has approached the subject in the spirit of a pettifogging lawyer, bent upon splitting hairs over technical points, and not as a patriotic representative of a great nation under obligations to resent insults to the flag and wanton interference with established rights and international comity.

"The most objection to the treaty is this potent fact—that nearly all these outrages and indignities can be repeated under it with the same impunity as before. The technical questions relating to the three-mile limit, the headland's claim, and the breadth of bays, closed against American fishermen, did not effect one seizure in twenty made in 1886.

"The Canadian government with their customs regulations deliberately harassed and persecuted American fishermen in order to force the United States to take off the duty on fish. That was their objective point, and it will be again, treaty or no treaty. And indeed, by the provisions for tonnage dues to be paid to Canadian officials, Secretary Bayard arms them with new facilities for operating against American fishermen.

"There is nothing in this treaty to prevent the recurrence of outrages on the Dominion seaboard. It is a convention that will be as unpopular in Canada as in New England. It does not offer a basis for the permanent settlement of the fisheries dispute. It should be summarily rejected by a patriotic and self-respecting Senate, which proposed a far more adequate method of protecting American fishing rights."

### REVOKED THE ORDER.

**A Union Soldier Discharged, But His Record Got Him Back.**

WASHINGTON, Feb. 22.—Yesterday afternoon at 1 o'clock, John B. Lynch, a watchman in the money order building of the Postoffice department, received notification of his dismissal. He went home, got his records and discharge papers as a private soldier, and carried them to Mr. Enright, the superintendent of the building.

The records show that he served throughout the civil war with distinction; had been wounded at Antietam, and being disabled for field dutp had been appointed orderly to Secretary Stanton.

After the battle of the wilderness, when Grant had not been heard from for seven days, Lynch was entrusted by President Lincoln with the dangerous task of conveying dispatches to Grant. Lynch succeeded in his mission and brought back Grant's answer, which contained the famous sentence: "I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

On learning these facts Mr. Enright promptly reinstated Lynch within an hour of his receipt of the notification of his dismissal.

### THE PRESIDENTIAL TRIP.

**A Brief Drive Through Savannah and Then Off for Jacksonville.**

SAVANNAH, Ga., Feb. 22.—The Presidential party arrived at Savannah at 8:15 this this morning and left at 9:15 for Jacksonville, after an hour's drive through the city in the rain. The President rode in an open carriage and was greeted with cheers wherever he appeared. The streets were thronged with people.

The President responded to the reception by lifting his hat and bowing. He was met at the depot by the mayor and the reception committee of citizens, who extended the hospitality of the city. The reception was wholly informal, and there was no speech-making or hand-shaking during the entire visit.

IN JACKSONVILLE.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Feb. 22.—The President and party arrived on time. The city was thronged with tens of thousands of visitors awaiting their advent.

The weather to-day was threatening, but clearing off and a beautiful, balmy, Florida May-like afternoon greeted them.

Never in the history of Jacksonville has the city presented such a magnificent gala day appearance.

The public buildings, business houses and residences for miles along the line of march and elsewhere are decorated palms, magnolias, holly, pines, orange branches and other evergreens.

Thousands of yards of bunting, innumerable flags and banners, and some twenty beautiful arches, span the wide streets.

On these are words of welcome and portraits of the President and Mrs. Cleveland. People from all sections are here and have hotels have turned thousands of guests away and private houses are almost universally opened for the accommodation of visitors. Perfect order prevails.

JACKSONVILLE, Feb. 23.—Arriving at Jacksonville yesterday afternoon the Presidential party was greeted with a salute of 21 guns and the acclamation of an immense concourse of people. The party was escorted to the St. James hotel by the the reception committee in carriages, the band playing patriotic airs. Mayor Burbridge rode in the carriage with the President and Mrs. Cleveland, which was decorated with flowers and evergreens.

After lunch a procession was formed The line of march was along the principa streets, which were gay with decorations of all kinds. It is estimated that 100,000 citizens and visitors witnessed the procession. On the arrival of the procession at the exposition building another salute of 21 guns was fired.

### THEY WERE MAD.

**They Traveled Two Hundred Miles and Then Cleveland Snubbed Them.**

PALATKA, Fla., Feb. 24.—The President and party arrived at East Palatka at 10:45 last night, and were ferried over to Palatka in twenty minutes, where the train was waiting at the wharf. The party was shown through the warehouse to the train, where a large crowd had gathered. The President stepped down to the lowest step of the car after the party was aboard. The struggling crowd was finally got into some like order, and the President shook hands with them as they passed by. The train left at 11:20.

An announcement was made that he would hold a reception here at the Putnam House. Hundreds came in from the towns, some as far as 200 miles. Their disappointment was expressed with some bitterness at the mistake made by the committee sent to meet the President.

### ON THE RETURN TRIP.

**The President and Party Coming Home Loaded With Flowers and Allegators.**

CHARLESTON, S. C., Feb. 25.—President Cleveland and party arrived here at 9:45 this morning and were received at the station by the Mayor and a committee of eighty Aldermen and citizens. They drove through the principal streets with a military escort consisting of the Charleston Light Dragoons and the German Hussars.

Upon the arrival of the train a Presidential salute of 21 guns was fired by detachments of the German and Lafayette artillery.

At least 40,000 persons were on the streets during the passage of the party, and the air was rent with enthusiastic cheers.

There was a sky of unclouded blue and the temperature was that of spring.

The party left Charleston at 11:15 o'clock a. m. The Presidential train was loaded down with flowers, the baggage car being entirely filled with floral offerings and tropical fruits. Two pet alligators are a part of the museum curiosities from Florida.

### THE "OMNIBUS" BILL.

**The House Committee Returns it Favorably Endorsed.**

WASHINGTON, Feb. 24.—By a strict party vote the House committee on Territories to-day agreed to report favorably Chairman Springer's "Omnibus" bill, to enable the people of Dakota, Montana, Washington territory and New Mexico to form constitutions and state governments, and to be admitted into the Union on equal footing with the original states. The bill authorizes residents of these territories to elect delegates to conventions proportionate in number to the population of the counties. The apportionment of delegates is to be made by the governor, chief justice and United States attorneys of each territory, and the election is to be held on the Tuesday after the first Monday of next August.

The number of delegates to each convention is fixed at 75, except in the case of Dakota, where the number is increased to 150. They are to meet at the seat of each territory on the second Tuesday of September next, adopt the constitution of the United States and form constitutions and state governments, expressly disclaiming in favor of the United States all title to unappropriated public lands, and Indian lands lying within the territories. They are also required to assume the territoria debts and provide and maintain a public school system.

The constitutions are to be submitted to a vote of the people on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November next, and if a majority is in favor the results shall be certified to the President of the United States. Until the next general census the new states, with the exception of Dakota, are to be allowed one representative each in the House of Representatives. Dakota is to be allowed two representatives. These representatives are to be elected on the same day with the governor and other state officers.

Sections 16 and 36 of land in each township, or an equivalent, are granted to each new state for school purposes. Fifty entire sections are granted for the erection of public buildings. Ninety sections are apportioned for agricultural colleges, and 5 per cent. of the proceeds of the sales of public lands in the new states is to be paid into a fund for the support of their common schools.

Other large grants of public lands are also proposed to be made, especially for the benefit of school of miners, charitable and educational institutions and water works for irrigation.

An appropriation of $20,000 is provided for Montana, Washington and New Mexico, and $35,000 for Dakota, to defray the expenses of the conventions.

After the acceptance of the constitutions the legislatures are to meet and elect two senators from each state, and when each state is admitted into the Union by special act of Congress, the senators and representatives are to be admitted to seats in Congress and the state governments become operative.

The New Mexican convention is also to consider the question of changing the name of New Mexico to Montezumas, and the Washington convention is to submit to the people the proposition to name the new state Tacoma.

The Republican members will present a minority report in opposition to the bill.

### BUT WILLIAM FORGETS

**What a Knock-Out He Once Received on the Tariff Question.**

WASHINGTON, Feb. 25.—(Special.)—Horizontal William has announced his willingness to be again knocked out. He is now posing as a vice-presidential candidate. During the months that the Democratic committee Commissioner Morrison worked hard for support, and obtained some considerable backing. He claims to be able to carry Illinois on a tariff reform issue.

### TO USE THE WHIP.

**The Administration to Smooth Over the Troubled Waters With a Patent Harmony.**

WASHINGTON, Feb. 24.—(Special.)—Grover Cleveland begins at last to see the desperate position in which his free trade message placed him, although less pretentious men have been able to discern it for months.

The Ways and Means committee are no nearer a solution acceptable to the Cleveland idea now than they were weeks ago, and this fact very much troubles the President.

The President is basking in the gentle zephyrs of balmy Florida, and to all appearances seems to care little about politics. But such only is deception. He left his workers behind him and they are doing his bidding well. The administration received a black eye when its wishes for an early convention were not heeded and the date fixed for July 3. It was only by the hardest work that the committee was led to change the date to June 5, and that only after Mr. Scott had handicapped both himself and the administration by the many promises he made.

The tendency of the Democrats who are opposed to free trade to remain firm, and not be "whipped in" by "political taffy," has caused the administration much trouble. Not the least of these was the declaration of William Steinway, the new member of the committee from New York. He frankly tells the committee he can not serve with them if they endorse Cleveland. Cleveland's ideas, carried into effect, he says, would ruin his business, and if the party is going to stand on that platform, he declares he is ready to leave it and join the Republican ranks.

But regardless of all the signs of discontent and dissatisfaction, Cleveland has proposed, and active measures are now being taken, to club into line all those who will not come peaceably.

As soon as he returns the "kitchen cabinet" will be in full bloom once more. Mr. Cleveland proposes to send for all those in opposition to him, whom he can approach, while Secretary Fairchild and William L. Scott are to take the others.

They will not try to coerce Randall.

The "kitchen cabinet" is unanimous on this point, if it never was on anything else. They propose to let him severely alone, but will pluck the support from under him, and laugh loud and long when they hear him drop.

The work of "Harmonizing" under the new order is to be completed inside of ten days, and the warm friends of Cleveland predict that he will emerge from the struggle with success, and be crowned mighty.

### W. W. CORCORAN DEAD.

Mr. Corcoran died at 6:30 o'clock this morning. He has been sinking for the past few days, and during the last hours he was almost entirely unconscious.

(William W. Corcoran was born at Georgetown, December 27, 1798, and passed his long and useful life in the District of Columbia. Thomas Corcoran, his father, was a native of Ireland. He settled in Georgetown when a youth, and for many years was a highly respected citizen of the ancient city, at one time serving as mayor. He began his business career as a dry goods merchant in Georgetown, D. C., and subsequently entered the banking business in Washington, forming a partnership in 1839 with the late George W. Riggs, the son of a wealthy Maryland gentleman. In 1844 the firm of Riggs & Corcoran purchased the building on Pennsylvania avenue opposite the northern front of the treasury building, which has been occupied by the historic United States bank. Here they built up an extensive banking business, which has been continued to the present time under the firm name of Riggs & Co. It is stated that during the Mexican war the firm took extensive loans needed by the government, and though it proved a hazardous operation they emerged from it with safety, honor, and vast emoluments. This is considered to have been the main foundation of Mr. Corcoran's great wealth. Mr. Corcoran was married in 1835 to Louise Morris, the daughter of Commodore Morris. She died in 1840, leaving a son and daughter. The son died shortly after his mother but the daughter grew to womanhood, and for a number of years gracefully presided over her father's house. She became the wife of Hon. George Eustis, a member of congress from Louisiana. In 1867 she died of consumption at Cannes, France, leaving three children. Since early manhood Mr. Corcoran resided in Washington, and for many years in a fine mansion on H street. He has ever been a public-spirited citizen, and has done a great deal of beneficial work, constantly using his wealth for the aid and advancement of wholly objects. In 1871 he founded an institution on Massachusetts avenue, between Fifteenth and Sixteenth streets, for women of refinement and culture who have been reduced from affluence to poverty and need assistance in their old age, and named it "The Louise Home," after his wife and daughter. At present it contains forty-two inmates. The cost of the building and grounds was $200,000.

Besides "The Louise Home" Mr. Corcoran founded the well-known Corcoran art gallery. He was also very liberal in his donations to charitable institutions.)

### BLAINE IS OUT.

**There is no String Tied to That Letter Declining to be a Candidate.**

NEW YORK, Feb. 27.—The New York *World* has a three column talk with Mr. Blaine from Florence, Italy. Mr. Blaine, in the course of a long conversation, distinctly asserted that under no circumstances whatever would he allow his name to be used in connection with the next Presidential nomination.

He insists on the sincerity of his withdrawal and asserts that he made up his mind thereto long ago. He considers, first, that anyman whose name has been associated with defeat in a Presidential campaign owes it to his party not to allow himself to be renominated.

Secondly, he is unequal to facing the fatigues, worry and excitement of another canvas, all the more as he would feel himself bound to work as hard as on the previous occasion.

Mrs. Blaine and other members of the family are most emphatic in their approval of his withdrawal, which is definitive, neither hasty nor recent in its decision.

Mr. Blaine will not return from England until June, and not until after the Republican convention. He declines to express himself on the subject of Republican candidates now in the field, but asserts that he did not retire in favor of any particular one of them. He is convinced of Republican victory, basing his conviction in particular on the tariff question.

When Mr. Blaine was asked the direct question whether he would under any circumstances permit his name to be used again as a candidate, he replied in an emphatic negative, but added: "I do not wish to make any new affirmations upon the subject. I have said all that I wish to say upon this subject in that letter. That letter, as you must know, was my last hap-hazard off-hand affair. It was the result of much deliberation and careful thought. You will remember I told you in Paris last December I had no intention of being a candidate again, and that I had practically made up my mind at that time to forbid the use of my name in the approaching convention."

Mr. Crawford thus concludes dispatch: "Toward the close of my last call I asked Mr. Blaine when he expected to return to America. He said that he expected to reach New York about the last of June. He expects to be late in the spring in London. He has not yet determined upon his movements.

"After leaving Florence he will probably go straight to England from Italy. He said with frankness not to be mistaken. 'You have no idea what relief it is to me to think I am now out of the canvass and that when I come back to New York in the summer I shall not be going back there to face reception after reception, and to enter the turmoil and excitement of a political canvass.'"

### BEN WILL RUN.

**Senator Harrison Will Receive Indiana's Solid Support.**

NEW YORK, Feb. 25.—The *Herald* says: "The Republicans of Indiana will present the name of Senator Harrison as that of their Presidential candidate to the convention," said John C. New at the Gilsey House yesterday, "and," he added, "it will be the steadfast purpose to adhere to this choice to the end and with no second choice. The prospect of Republican success in Indiana this fall are exceedinfily bright.

"The party is now in good condition, and under the lead of Senator Harrison, and with a good state ticket, we will certainly carry the state. The Senator will, any way, have the solid Indiana delegation to the convention.

"The following of Judge Gresham is confined to a few men, and is not by any means formidable. His is a personal contest rather than in the interest of the party.

"Ninety per cent. of the Republicans in Indiana are for Gen. Harrison, and that same per centage will not take kindly to the candidacy of Judge Gresham. He will have no strength in the convention from our state."

### SUCCESSFUL JETTIES.

**The Channel Growing Gradually Deeper Year by Year.**

ORANGE, Tex., Feb. 23.—Committees from Orange and Beaumont, assisted by Capt. P. Brandt, a bar pilot, made 400 soundings yesterday on the bar at the entrance of Sabine Pass harbor.

The least depth of water found between jetties from the outside to the inside of the bar was eleven feet at ordinary tide.

A brisk norther having been blowing for two days, the water was found to be fifteen feet deep at the south end of the cast jetty and at the buoy.

This shows an increase in depth of one foot, the buoy having been placed in fourteen feet of water.

The depth of the water on the bar has increased over five feet since the jetties were constructed.

### To Fix Nova Scotia.

OTTAWA, Ont., Feb. 24.—It is believed by Conservatives here that, in order to induce Nova Scotia to accept the new fisheries treaty, a large expenditure of public money in that province will be provided for in the estimates. Some day the iron duties are to be increased and a heavy duty placed on steel rails.

### WINTER WHEAT CROP.

**A Review by the Northwestern Miller Compiled from Extensive Reports.**

MINNEAPOLIS, Feb. 24.—The *Northwestern Miller* to-day publishes a review of the condition of the winter wheat crop, compiled from extensive reports. The following is a summary:

There has been a very decided change in the weather conditions of the winter wheat district since February 10. With the exception of some small areas in Michigan and the states of Pennsylvania and New York, the wheat is entirely bare of snow.

From the 13th till the 16th inst. there was more or less freezing and thawing weather. From th 16th to the 19th beautiful spring-like weather followed by a very sudden and severe breeze.

The prospects are now that there is an entire difference in the coming out of the early and late sown wheat, and this season this will cut a much more important figure in the crop than usual, for the reason that a very large per cent of the grain was sown late.

We are now in the midst of the most critical period of the dangers to the winter wheat crop of 1887 and 1888.

The movement of winter wheat, while it has been small so far during February out of farmers hands, is even smaller at present than at any time since harvest, with no probability of any change until we have some definite facts either for better or worse as to the final outcome of the crop.

From the region south of the Ohio reports are generally favorable; the Texas crops being in the best condition. Leaving the territory south of the Ohio river, and commencing east of New York, where they have had a general thaw, we still find considerable snow on the wheat, and so far no complaints as to the condition of the crop.

This area, comprising Michigan, Indiana, Illinois and Ohio, yielded in 1887, in round numbers, 132,000,000 of wheat, and is the most important portion of the winter wheat belt.

The reports from these states brings out very forcibly this fact: That the late sown wheat to-day is in a weakly condition. It look to-day as if the condition of the wheat in Kansas was better than in any other state in the winter wheat belt.

### BARRELS OF MONEY.

**How a Kansas Bank Stemmed the Tide by a Bold Bluff.**

CINCINNATI, Feb. 22.—Gen. Mike Ryan, in talking of the Metropolitan bank failure, told a good story illustrating the power of bluff. It was in connection with his assertion that with a little further aid from the other banks in the city the Metropolitan might have been saved, he said:

"I have a brother connected with a bank in Leavenworth, Kansas. There are two banks there, and the rival that of my brother was in a shaky condition. The president came to Matt and told him the circumstances, and that if there was a run the bank would be unable to stand it. Matt told him to keep a stiff upper lip, for he knew that the failure of the other bank meant the failure of his own. He jumped on the train, went to Kansas City, got $40,000 in coin—gold and silver—in barrels, ran back to Leavenworth with the specie, and got half a dozen drays to the depot to take the barrels to the bank.

Meantime the crowd of depositors had begun to gather at the bank, demanding their money, and the old man was talking to them to gain time. At last they saw the drays coming up, loaded down with these barrels. Matt was with the treasure, and shouted out to the crowd to wait about five minutes and they'd get their money, as it was there in the barrels.

"In unloading the barrels, one of them dropped and broke, so that through a crack the anxious depositors could see the shining gold, and as it rolled up the steps of the bank $5 gold pieces kept dropping out, and were picked up by the janitor. When the coin was all rolled in, Matt came out again and told all who had money there to go in and get it, as the bank proposed to pay them all off and start fresh, and didn't want such a cowardly lot of depositors anyway. All the time he was piling on the indignation he didn't want to be taken at his word, as the bank had only 10,000 cash on hand, against $90,000 of deposits made. He had brought $40,000, but there was still a short-age of $40,000. However, the game worked. The people were reassured by the sight of the barrels of coin and went away satisfied. The run was averted and the bank pulled through all right."

### THE FIRST DEFEAT.

**Sustained by the Prohibitionists Under the Local Option Law.**

ANN ARBOR, Mich., Feb. 28.—(Special)—As predicted in the dispatches to the BLADE yesterday, Washtenaw county has gone "wet" by an overwhelming majority. The temperance men of Michigan have sustained a terrible defeat, the first in their work of Pulverizing the Rum Power, and there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth over the result.

In the first place, a large majority of the students are from other states, and could not and did not vote here. Besides this, there is a strong temperance sentiment among the young men themselves. There is an active Prohibition club numbering 200, and the temperance sentiment predominates in Michigan University.

Everything went wrong yesterday. The intense cold resembling a Dakota blizzard, kept the voters at home. Even the lazy room loafers turned out in full force. Had the day been pleasant the result would have been far different.

Many citizens of Ann Arbor voted against the change secretly and quietly, fearing that the introduction of the new rules into the county would keep away many students next year, and thus injure Michigan University and affect both their pride and their pocket books.

Besides this, unlimited sums of money were poured into the county by metropolitan and local liquor dealers.

The present majority against Prohibition is estimated at 1,500, but the temperance men are confident that later returns will lower that figure.

### MYSTERY, ROMANCE AND TRAGEDY.

**A Man in Texas Believed to Have Been Forced to Dig His Own Grave.**

SULPHUR SPRINGS, Tex., Feb. 27.—Last Sunday night John Kennedy, a tenant on the farm of Mr. Jim Smith, 12 miles south of this place, left his house after supper and never returned. His prolonged absence caused uneasiness to his wife, and Monday morning she got the neighbors to search for him. Search was continued until Wednesday evening, when Kennedy's body was found near an old house one mile from his home. The back of his head was horribly crushed in four places. Inside the house signs could be seen of preparations to hang the man and the print of a rope on the ground.

The house had no floor. There were also prints of the rope about his neck. Near where the body lay was a hole dug in the ground—dug evidently by himself.

On the preceding Friday a man, well mounted and armed, had made sharp inquiries of the whereabouts of Kennedy. When Kennedy was told of this he displayed much uneasiness, and declared he would leave the country if he knew this to be a certain man with whom he made mysterious allusions of having had a tragic difficulty in Western Texas. The general opinion is that the hole by the side of his dead body was intended to be his grave, which he was forced to dig, while others think he committed some robbery in Western Texas, and that his enemy was making him search for the stolen money.

### JOHN BROWN'S SON.

**His Baskets of Grapes to the Anarchists Killed Him in Chicago.**

CHICAGO, Feb. 22.—Captain John Brown, jr., son of the hero of Harper's Ferry, met with a very cold reception at the First Methodist Episcopal church hall last evening. He had been advertised to lecture on liquor, tobacco and debt. For some reason the attendance was almost nil. At 8:30 o'clock there were just 32 persons in the hall. Brown mounted the stage and informed them that as many of them as had paid the admission fee their money would be returned at the ticket tables.

He said that owing to faulty advertising or something else, the people had not responded, and he would lecture on Thursday evening in the Union Park Congregational church under the auspices of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

He had come to the conclusion that the women could bring out an audience. Captain John Brown is over 50 years of age. He has a flowing beard, and wears glasses. He resides at Put-in Bay, O., where he officiates as a justice of the peace, and does something in the way of agriculture. There is nothing striking in his features.

### WHISKY FOR THEM.

**They Want Protection.**

NEW YORK, Feb. 22.—Members of the New York Mercantile Exchange and others engaged in the fruit trade in this city, have forwarded a petition to Congress asking protection for fruit growers of California, Florida and other fruit producing states by retaining the duties now imposed on foreign fruits, also to repeal the law relating to damage allowance on oranges, lemons, dried fruits and nuts of all kinds.

# A Skin Without Blemish

Everywhere a network of subdcrific ducts, veins and pores, the skin constantly renews itself, and not only with its ceaseless desquamation, but with its natural functional action, eliminates all waste, accumulation and disease. Hence, a skin without a blemish means more than beauty—it means health.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, internally, cure every species of torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood with loss of hair, from pimples to scrofula.

I have been afflicted for a great many years with bad blood, which has caused me to have sores on my body. My hands were in a solid sore for over a year. I had tried almost everything I could hear of, but had given up all hopes of ever being cured, when I saw the advertisement of the CUTICURA REMEDIES. I used one box of CUTICURA, one box of RESOLVENT and one cake of SOAP, and am now able to do all my own work.

MRS. FANNIE STEWART, Staunton, Ind.

I have suffered all my life with skin diseases of different kinds, and have never found permanent relief, until, by the advice of a lady friend I used your valuable CUTICURA REMEDIES. I gave them a thorough trial, using six bottles of the CUTICURA RESOLVENT, two boxes of CUTICURA and seven cakes of CUTICURA SOAP and the result was just what I had been told it would be—A COMPLETE CURE.

BELLE WADE, Richmond, Va.

Reference, G. W. Latimer, Druggist, Richmond, Va.

Have just used your CUTICURA REMEDIES on one of my girls, and found it to be just what it is recommended to be. My daughter was all broken out on her head and body, and the hair commenced to come out. Now she is as smooth as ever she was, and she has only used one box of CUTICURA, one cake of CUTICURA SOAP, and one bottle of CUTICURA RESOLVENT. I doctored with quite a number of doctors, but to no avail. I am willing to make affidavit to the truth of the statement.

GEORGE EAST, Macon, Mich.

For the last year I have had a species of itching, scaly and pimply humors on my face, to which I have applied a great many methods of treatment without success, and which was speedily and entirely cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

MRS. ISAAC PHELPS, Ravenna, O.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations and 100 testimonials.

BABY'S Skin, scalp and hair preserved and beautified by the use of CUTICURA SOAP.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.


### FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

**POOR BULGARIA.**

**Russia Only Wants Prince Ferdinand to Abdicate.**

ST. PETERSBURG, Feb. 23.—The *Official Messenger*, says a recent foreign private telegram, Colnavi asserted that Count Von Schouvaloff, the Russian ambassador at Berlin, has submitted proposals to Germany regarding Bulgaria. To correctly judge the present state of affairs, it says, it it necessary to recall Russia's original views concerning Bulgaria.

The Berlin treaty forms the basis of the order of things established in the Balkan's, in pursuance of the Powers' understanding, and constitutes the only international guarantee against convulsions, dangerous to the future of the young Balkan states.

From this point of view Russia regarded the events that have occurred in Bulgaria since Prince Alexander abdicated the throne, Prince Ferdinand's arrival and his forcible assumption of princely power, as infringing upon the Berlin treaty.

For this reason Russia refused to recognize the legality of Prince Ferdinand's rule and tried to induce the other cabinets to express the same view. In accordance with a unanimous desire to terminate the existing alarming condition of affairs, whose root is more speciolly traceable to the ambiguous situation in Bulgaria, Russia considered it her duty to again try to obtain from the powers an affirmation of the inviolability of the treaty, and the necessity of restoring the legal status in Bulgaria.

The natural consequence of such a declaration by the powers must be the making of representations for Constantinople to induce Sultan to convince the Bulgarian people that the person now bearing the title of Prince is not their legal ruler, but merely a usurper of power.

According to Russia's views, the initiative for such declarations belongs to the Sultan, whose sovereign rights the illegality at Sofia imminuntly affects.

Without anticipating the future, and in order to dispel any doubts concerning Russia's objects and intentions, it is unnecessary to consult the public opinion which she is firmly resolved to adopt in the event of the removal of the reasons causing a continuance of the crisis.

Bulgaria owes her existence to Russia's sacrifices and efforts.

Russia, therefore, alone continues to sympathize with her and grieve at her trials.

Russia is equally aloof from prejudice and partiality.

She does not think it compatible with her dignity to interfere in Bulgarian internal disputes; yet she does not enteatain the idea of making any one responsible for the past.

Russia will consider an avowal of abberrations as a pledge of a change for the better.

Russia solely desires Bulgaria's welfare, and will, after the usurper's removal, await the first sincere declaration of the Bulgarians, through their representatives, in order to consign the past to oblivion and provide for the re-establishment of relations based upon mutual confidence.

In this Russia has no intention to prejudice, in any way, the liberty of the Bulgarians, which the treaty secured to them in all internal affairs.

**Italian Troops Advanced—Rasalula has Evacuated Massowah.**

ROME, Feb. 23.—A dispatch from Massowah says that the Italian troops have advanced to Ghiuda, and that they found Rasalula and his army had evacuated the place.

**Legacy to Mr. Parnell.**

LONDON, Feb. 23.—The late Mr. Blake, who represented Waterford in parliament for several years, left a legacy of £5,000 to Mr. Parnell, and legacies to several of Mr. Parnell's supporters.

**Against Franco-Russian Alliance.**

PARIS, Feb. 23.—An article in the last number of the *Revue Des Deux Mondes*, attributed to the Duc De Broglie, is exciting much attention in France and Germany. The writer argues that the political status of France is not calculated to tempt foreign powers to court an alliance with her, and that the absence of any community of interests is an insuperable obstacle to a Franco-Russian alliance.

*La Justice* indorses these views and pronounces strongly against an alliance with Russia.

### THE CROWN PRINCE.

**Conflicting Reports Concerning Unser Fritz's Health.**

BERLIN, Feb. 22.—The doctors all agree that the improvement in the condition of the Crown Prince is maintained, and that his symptoms are encouraging. Unofficial reports declare that the Crown Prince has not gained in strength, although he experienced relief from the dissolving of the ulcerous swelling on the right side of the larynx.

The corporation of San Remo proposes to confer the freedom of the town upon Dr. Mackenzie.

**A Liberal-Unionist Victory.**

LONDON, Feb. 24.—The Parliamentary election in the Doncaster division of the West Riding of Yorkshire to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Walter S. Shirley (Liberal), was held to-day and resulted in a victory for the Liberal-Unionists, their candidate, Hon. W. H. Fitzwilliam, receiving 5,634 votes against 5,423 for Mr. Spencer Balfour, the Gladstonian candidate.

In the previous election the vote was W. S. Shirley (Liberal), 5,060; Hon. W. H. Fitzwilliam (Liberal Union), 4,792.

The government's victory was a complete surprise. It is certain that it was brought about by the landed influence of Mr. Fitzwilliam, coupled with the fact that the Liberals will not contest the election in Hampstead, where a vacancy exists by reason of the elevation of Sir Henry Holland to the peerage, the result of the election in Doncaster renders the Liberal-Unionists victorious.

### THE C., B. & Q.

**The Engines on the C., B. & Q. Being Run Into the Round Houses.**

CHICAGO, Feb. 27.—A few minutes before 4 o'clock, this morning, the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy yards at Canal and 16th street presented their usual appearance. The early morning mail train had left on time and the switch engines were at work.

One engineer on a switch train to the Chicago & Atlantic junction shortly before 3 o'clock. He said had heard nothing of an order to strike and that he would certainly take his train to the junction and bring views concerning Bulgaria. their engines back to the round house.

CHICAGO, Feb. 28.—The strike promises to be the most remarkable ever known, for in it the strongest single labor organization in existence has been pitted against the largest railroad corporation in the West, and one in the greatest in mileage and wealth in the world. Should the strike long continue, it is probable that in addition to the 1,400 men directly involved, the great majority of the 14,000 employes of the company will be thrown out of work, the 25,000 members in the Engineers' Brotherhood throughout the country called upon to contribute of their savings, and the industries of a vast section of country tributary to the road subjected to a partial paralysis.

The far-reaching effects of the strike can be inferred from the fact the road has 9,000 miles of track in operation in Illinois, Iowa, Missouri and Nebraska. From Chicago it reaches to Denver, Col., over 1,000 miles away, and Cheyenne, Wy. T., equally as far. Minneapolis to the north and St. Louis to the south are within its reach—the territory of an empire.

### CHIEF ARTHUR TALKS.

**He Corrects a Wrong Impression Sent Out by the Burlington.**

CHICAGO, Feb. 28.—Chief Arthur, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and Mr. Sargent, of the Firemen's Brotherhood, are still in the city. Arthur said the striking engineers and firemen were a solid body, and would hold together to the end of the fight. "The publication by General Manager Stone," Arthur said, "might mislead the public. The proposition offered by the men we were willing to discuss one by one, and in case we failed to convince Mr. Stone that they were just and fair, we would have made concessions. The strike did not occur because the schedule we offered was not adopted, but because when the question of wages was reached, Mr. Stone refused to do anything at all. The fight is purely a question of wages.

F. M. ARTHUR.

"We receded from our first proposition and offered to accept 3½ cents, which Mr. Stone refused in the most positive manner. He made no proposition to us at all and the fight now is purely a question of pay.

"Mr. Stone says," continued Mr. Arthur, "that we want to put unskilled labor on par with skilled labor. We go on the assumption that there is no unskilled labor on engines on any road in the United States. Does Mr. Stone mean to say that he has unskilled engineers on any branch of his road? Would he go into court, in case of a damage suit, and swear that he had? Would Mr. Stone like to have the public believe that engineers on the branch lines are inferior to those on main lines?

"I don't see why the Knights of Labor should be hostile to the Brotherhood of Engineers. I have no information that they will try to assist the company in any way."

"It is claimed you sent men to take the places of the Reading strikers!"

"That is a lie. I don't know what individual members of the Brotherhood may have done, but I never interfered in any way with any strike of the Knights of Labor. I would not do it. At the time of the Missouri Pacific strike, I simply told the Brotherhood of Engineers that we had a contract with the company and to keep out of the strike. If a contract means anything at all, then we pursued the right course.

One of the members who was asked if the Brotherhood of Engineers thought the company could soon fill their places with reliable men, said: "Well, if you ask my personal opinion, I don't think it can be done. That is what the boys all think. In the first place the country is not loaded down with tramp engineers; in the second place, if they were as thick as flies they would not do to be put in charge of locomotives. Good engineers are a scarce article, because they are all employed."

"What are you going to do about the Knights of Labor?"

"Nothing. If they can fill our places, let them do it. The company has a right to hire any one it pleases. We shall not interfere with anything they do. The public will find we have enough to live on a little while, and if the company can do without us, all well and good."


### A COSTLY BEVERAGE.

**China's Best, a Tea that Costs $6 an Ounce, and is Very Hard to Get.**

NEW YORK, Feb. 24.—Mr. Yuet Sing, the rich Chinese importer, some time ago sent to Canton, China, for a few pounds of "China's best," called, in the language of the Orient, "Peh Yuen Cha," or white clouds. It is a peculiarly rare tea that cannot be cultivated, and it is to be found only once in many years upon a certain high mountain, where it flourishes under cover of perpetual dew. After much trouble the agents in China secured just exactly four ounces, which arrived here this evening. The leading Chinese shopkeepers met at Mr. Yuet Sing's store to get a glimpse, or possibly a taste, of the king of Mongolian beverages.

In shape and appearance the tea resembles young willow leaves, slightly rolled into a ball, with a pale blue color, and when steeped it presents almost a